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MORPHINE'S SLAVE!

A DOSE OF SLOW POISON FOR EVERY ACT—HOW A POPULAR STAR DERIVES INSPIRATION FROM A DEADLY DRUG AND FIRES HER SPIRIT WITH A STIMULANT THAT IS DESTROYING HER.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
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NEW YORK.

A GOOD many \$10,000 beauties who were traveling with circuses last summer will be working in pickle factories this winter and scrubbing steps at \$4 a week.

WHILE George Scoville is off attending to the interests of his brother-in-law, Guiteau, the mortgagee of his personal property at Beaver Lake, in Waukesha county, has published a notice that it will be sold at public auction.

AN Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

A DEADWOOD man saw another reach for his hip pocket, thought the fellow meant to draw a revolver on him, and shot him dead. Then he found that the man was about to draw a flask to treat him, and he much regretted the hasty act. But he remarked that the last wishes of the deceased should be carried out and took a drink from the flask. Such a touching example of respect for the wishes of the dead is seldom seen.

MRS. SUTRO, the wife of Adolph Sutro, who gave his name to the famous mining tunnel at Virginia City, Nev., has sued for a divorce. It was at first agreed that an amicable separation should be had, she to go to Paris, and he to pay her alimony to the extent of \$300 a month, but by the advice of her lawyer, who doubtless had an eye to a fat fee, she withdrew her consent to the arrangement, and now wants half the property. Mr. Sutro is reputed to be worth at least \$2,000,000.

IF you can't make your twin brother behave himself he is apt to lead you into trouble. The twin Bowers of Janesville, Wis., look so much alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish them; but one is a drunken loafer, while the other is an exemplary Christian. The loafer the other day kissed a woman unbidden in the street, and her husband by mistake knocked the Christian down. Then her muscular brother, when the mistake was explained, went out with the avowed purpose of righting the matter by whipping the real offender tremendously; but he met the Christian, refused to believe his protestations that a second blunder was being made, and thrashed him so that he almost died.

HUNTED LIKE WILD BEASTS.

In one of the western cities, recently, a little girl scarcely fourteen years of age pitiously begged a man to take her out into the country and kill her. The child, for such she was, was afflicted with malignant syphilitic diseases, contracted during two years of life as a prostitute. Sick, hungry and penniless, she had been turned out of the den in which she had passed her life of shame, to die on the street. The public officials at first refused to receive her, but finally were forced to send her to a hospital where death soon ended her sufferings and her sorrows. The brief history of that child is the history of nearly all the fallen women throughout the land.

Society, with strange perversity, has decreed that these children of sin shall not be treated with even the pity extended to the brutes. If, tiring of their life of shame, and anxious to earn an honest living, they attempt to find employment, they are met on all sides with the cry, "Get thee gone, thou art unclean," and so they go back to their life of shame, but even then they are not permitted to live unhindered. No, at society's demand the police raid their homes and arrest them on the streets, and the miserable beings are fined and imprisoned, and their few personal goods scattered to the winds as society stands by and says: "Well done." Truly their lot is pretty hard.

They may not lawfully live in society, nor without it; and yet they are not allowed to die either. Should they attempt suicide the police would prevent them. Arrested for staying in their houses, arrested for being on the streets, arrested for jumping into the river—what is it society wants to do with them, anyway? We do not know how to get rid of the social evil, but we do know that hunting the fallen like beasts is both inhuman and unchristian and can do no good.

WHEN the formation of a jury to try Guiteau commences, each candidate to serve on it will probably be questioned somewhat as follows:

"Do you know that the President of the United States has been assassinated, and if so, have you read any of the published accounts of the matter?"

"Have you formed any opinion concerning the guilt of Guiteau?"

"Are you prejudiced against him?"

The man who answers affirmatively to these interrogatories will, of course, be objected to by Guiteau's lawyer. The twelve men who can answer in the negative will doubtless constitute the jury. Imagine twelve men trying a case of this importance, who are so stupid and indifferent to the vital affairs of their country as never to have read an account of the assassination of President Garfield. Imagine twelve men who have never formed an opinion on the subject of Guiteau's guilt, and who are totally unprejudiced against that assassin. The American jury system, that bulwark of our liberties, stands splendidly illustrated. Nothing more needs to be said.

NOTWITHSTANDING that an honest man doesn't generally object to paying a hotel bill in advance if the hotel is a good one, the following conversation is reported to have taken place at a Hot Springs hotel: "You will not object to paying before you go to your room, sir?" "Certainly not; make out the bill." "For how long, sir?" "Well," says the stranger, "you may charge me for about ten minutes on the European plan. By the end of that time I think I shall be at a hotel where the clerks wear smaller diamonds and have more confidence in human nature."

A NEW thing in underclothing is to be introduced from Germany, and that is undershirts and drawers made of sponge. It is claimed that the shirts are warm, and the material absorbs the perspiration, so men are made healthy, wealthy and wise. It may do

for thin men and women. They could wet the sponge clothing and it would swell out and make them look fat, but when it dried out they would look hungry again. But it would result disastrously to hug a girl who had sponge under-garments on which had been soaked.

Two old Oregonians had a fight twenty years ago, in which one drew a pistol, but before he could shoot was so terribly slashed with the other's knife that he nearly died. A telegram from Oregon says they accidentally met each other at Baker City, last Wednesday, for the first time since the fight. They recognized each other and at once pulled their pistols and blazed away lively till both went down. One died immediately and the other only lived a few minutes, and the friends of each are now happy.

THE power of the imagination was recently illustrated at Flint, Mich. A carpenter who had worked as usual during the day and to all appearances was in good health, heard the bell tolled for the death of the President and exclaimed: "The President is dead," and died almost instantly. A young lady who had been sick for some time said, when she heard the bells, "The President is dead and I shall soon be with him," and died before the bells ceased tolling.

AN Indiana lady, after a long delay, received word on a recent Saturday that the court had on that morning divorced her from her dissipated husband. On the following Monday she learned that just after the granting of the divorce her husband had died suddenly and unexpectedly, and that consequently his \$4,000 life insurance would go to his mother. Now she wants the decree set aside. Some women never will be satisfied.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

The Manner in which Ex-Minister Christianity Displayed his Love for his Wife.

Mrs. Christianity recently testified in the famous divorce suit between herself and the ex-Minister to Peru. She testified that while residing in Lansing, Mich., with her husband, in March, 1877, on one occasion her husband struck her and knocked her down. Again, during the Christmas holidays in 1878, while they were residing in Washington, D. C., he struck her and knocked her down, and during the night would not permit her to have any clothing on the bed. The weather was extremely cold, and she arose and went to an adjoining room, trying to make herself more comfortable. When she started to leave the room which they had been occupying together, he refused to permit her to take any clothing into the next room with her, and she was compelled to pass the night with the raiment she wore and what little could be found in the room that she had entered. In Peru, in August, 1879, while living at the Legation, he struck her several times, and on one occasion pushed her out of the house and shut the door against her. Afterward she returned with her husband's son, and he struck her again and shut both herself and his son out doors. He then called for his son to come back, and told him that if he went away with witness it must be forever. The son answered that it would be forever, and he kept on and escorted her to the hotel, where she remained over night. The next day her husband sent for her to come back, the messenger saying that he was very sick, delirious and in almost a dying condition. She went back to the Legation and instead of being sick as stated, she found him quietly sitting in the sitting-room, in his right mind. He became very kind to her, and remained so until the next Monday. Then he came to her bed, abused her, pinched her, and used all sorts of violence, and said that he told an untruth when he said that he was sorry for the manner in which he had treated her. One month later, at the Legation, he assaulted her while dressing. As he was striking her a gentleman stopping in the house over night stepped into the room and came to her protection. After that she refused to live with him longer, and a few days later left Peru for home.

SHOT IN HIS BRIDAL BED.

R. J. Powers, a young man residing at Washington Township, Wis., was married a couple of weeks since, and in the evening was visited by a charivari party. Not responding to the fearful racket one of the party ran a shotgun through the window of the bedroom and fired, the charge taking effect in the arm and breast of Mr. Powers, inflicting a dangerous and ugly wound. Several parties have been arrested for the offense.

SEASONING.

"I FIND that with light meals my health improves," said the Esquimaux, and down went another candle.

A MAN who was asked why husbands quit courting their wives, said it was because other men did it so much nicer.

A COLORED lady boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic exultingly said "He's in the mortification table."

"I DECLARE," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder, they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

A FASHION writer says: "Little boys and girls are considered a necessary part of a bridal procession nowadays." This appears to be a little too previous.

DIDST thou ever gaze on a lovely maid,

All glorious, radiant, fair,
And think as thou saw'st those rich red lips
Of the "unkissed kisses" there?

"So she refused you, did she?" asked Pingry; "why don't you press her, my boy?" "Press her!" exclaimed Brown, "she wouldn't let me get near enough for that."

He (poetically): "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" She (practically): "No necessity for alarm at all! I use a vegetable color, which is not poisonous."

"COME now, it is time for you to go to bed," said an Austin lady to her little children, "you must go to bed. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?" "Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them."

A YOUNG choir singer called Anna

Climbed the stairs in a negligent manner;

A young man below,

Looking up, said I saw,

I've oft heard, now I see your nose, Anna.

JUMPING over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bull dog that is a total stranger to you, is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a tiresome sameness.

AN Erie young man has been turned out of church for dancing. He now wishes he had gone to a Sunday school picnic and hugged and kissed the girls in the religious game of Copenhagen, and thus retained his good standing in the church.

THERE once was a lady whose daughter

Grew rapidly stouter and stanger;

When they said, "Is it ale?"

She replied, turning pale,

"I grieve much to say it is paughter."

WHEN Lydia Thompson's husband doesn't want her to go out of an evening he seals her clothes up in an envelope and hands it to a hotel clerk to lock up in the safe.—Ex. Such a trifle should not prevent her going on the stage, however. She could wear a sweet smile and a rose in her hair as formerly.

PEANUT flirtation: Breaking shell gently—I am mashed on you. Crushing it savagely—Why will you break my heart? Slipping the shell into the pocket—We must be secret. Throwing it away—You are fired out. Swallowing the peanut whole—I'm yours alone. Eaten mincingly—Go slow. Tossing it up and catching it dexterously in the mouth—Some other evening.

"Did you observe that woman?" said a gentleman to his companion, as a sharp-featured female swept haughtily by them. The friend nodded to indicate that he had observed her. "Well, I'm indebted to her for the chief happiness of my life." "Indeed, I can imagine the gratitude you must feel toward her." "No, you can't; only her present husband can do that. Ten years ago I asked her hand in marriage and she refused me."

STOREKEEPER: "I beg your pardon, sir, but one of them half dollars is counterfeit." Customer: "I know it, sir. Got it here last week." Seeing a smile on the storekeeper's face, he says: "I see you doubt my word, sir." Storekeeper: "Not at all, sir. I was merely thinking how remarkable it was that you should have got this money here last week when I only opened today." Customer murmurs something about guessing he made a mistake in the store, and hurriedly hands out another half.

THERE was a light breeze playing on the street, yesterday, and just as a young lady, dressed in the "very latest" and with the utterly too too arrangement of hostility (one stocking black, and the other cardinal red), was crossing Pine street, an old bum hove in sight. He gazed a moment, then rubbed his bleared eyes, then gazed again and muttered, "either them two girls is orful thin—or they's only got one leg apiece—(hic) I guess that last drink must'er fected my eyes," and he went off contented.

"THE man or boy," said a man at the breakfast table the other morning after thrashing his oldest boy for running the cow, "who will abuse a gentle cow, which is supplying the family with one of the best luxuries, is fit only for the loneliness of the desert." About half an hour later that same cow had kicked the man through a rail fence, and jammed the milk pail down over his ears, and the air of the barnyard was black with stones, clouds of clay, broken rails and profanity with which that man was bombarding the gentle cow.

He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and, striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who was accustomed to the programme. "By love!" he said to the figure sitting in dim obscurity on the sofa—"by love! I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house nowadays, does she, Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of her time now I have to stay in."

"THEY say," said he, "that when a lamp is turned down low, it is liable to explode." "So I have heard," she replied. "Very unfortunate," he rejoined; "I do not mind the danger myself, but I shudder at the thought of exposing you to it; and yet the glare affects my eyes." "If the light affects your eyes, I am willing to run the risk of the lamp being turned down a 'little,'" she said sweetly. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "why not put it out altogether?" "If father should come into the parlor he might not like it," she objected. "Oh," he rejoined gaily, "I'll have a match handy, and we'll light up when we hear him coming. The old man has a heavy step. I know his foot well."

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE
RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VI.

A DESTROYER OF MEN.

Since the downfall of the French Empire and the establishment of the Republic, the flash glory which surrounded "fast" Parisian society has suffered an eclipse. The court of Napoleon III. and its peculiar surroundings attracted and sustained all sorts of adventurers. The *demi monde*, embracing all the loose women from the handsome and elegant mistresses of noblemen to the unfortunate painted promenaders on the boulevards, never had such a period of prosperity as during the year preceding Napoleon's humiliating defeat at Sedan. Chief among these destroyers of men ranks Cora Pearl.

Cora Pearl, who, for twenty years at least, represented the most selfish, mercenary, reckless and extravagant phase of the *demi monde* as it existed in Paris during Napoleon's reign, was a great favorite among the Cocottes; her soiled name was in numberless mouths; her dress and eccentric performances were the talk of the clubs, and many columns were given to her in the newspapers; her photographs were displayed in the shop windows on all the principal avenues. No woman ever filled so large a place in the Parisian public's eye as did this notorious harlot.

Her exact history no one knows, but substantially it is believed to be as follows:

She was born in Connaught, Ireland. Her parentage is very misty. She has represented herself as the love-child of an English Earl and a Dublin actress; the daughter of a Frenchman and the wife of a Belfast merchant with whom he had eloped, and the offspring of a clergyman and the daughter of a rich merchant, and several other origins of a more or less romantic character. One thing is pretty certain; she was born outside of wedlock. Her parents, whoever they were, put her in charge of an old woman residing in Tuam, and paid regularly for her education and keep up to her sixteenth year. She developed into a sprightly, accomplished girl. At the age mentioned she met an English army officer in the street one day and began a flirtation with him. After sundry stolen interviews she eloped with the gallant red-coat to Paris, just one week from the day they first met.

The Englishman was very fond of her and would gladly have made her his wife, but she preferred to live as his mistress. At the end of a month she deserted him—his money was nearly exhausted—for another love, and in less than a year she had a dozen protectors, all of whom she regarded as the creatures of her caprice. Her blandishments were bestowed in a monetary ration on the poor dupes of her wiles.

After a two years' residence in Paris she went upon the stage as a ballet girl, and was soon promoted to speaking parts, but her accent, although she had studied French from childhood, interfered with her success, and caused her to leave the theatre.

At eighteen she captured a Russian Prince. He was possessed of great wealth, and was anxious to spend it. Had he hunted Paris and St. Petersburg over, he could not have found anyone more anxious to gratify his desires than was the fascinating Cora. Her only care was that the largest portion should be squandered in her behalf. In this selfish wish she was fully gratified. He placed her in luxurious lodgings, furnished her with carriages, jewels, servants, everything in fact that unnumbered coins could buy and her mercenary and avaricious nature craved. He gave dinners and parties to artists, actors and journalists and soon grew to be the fashion. The Prince had a choice assortment of vices. He drank gambled, and did everything he ought not to have done. Under such a high pressure of extravagance his pile of lucre soon began to flatten out and become beautifully less in bulk.

Cora, as soon as she found that her golden star was on the wane, transferred her affections to another purse. The Prince chided her for her heartlessness, but received only jeers for his bruised heart. One day he called on her at the costly mansion which his money had bought, and was ordered away from the door by a burly man servant, who was acting under Cora's orders. Six weeks after she drove by the Prince's residence and heard an auctioneer calling for bids on his effects. Bankruptcy had overtaken her noble lover. A light, careless laugh, and the interjection, "Poor fool," showed how much the ruin she had wrought affected her.

From that time until the fall of the Empire, she continued in the same course. She would have no dealings with men who were not rich, and she scattered their funds with a recklessnessavoring of malignancy. She always had a passion for display and the more costly the more pleasing to her. Her toilets were pro-

nounced ravishing; she set many of the modes that are followed on both side of the sea; her name crept into paragraphs in London, New York and San Francisco, and served as bait to bring many rich Americans into her meshes, her fame became world-wide, and she gloried in the shame of being the acknowledged queen of folly. Every dissipated man of fortune who went to Paris was desirous of becoming acquainted with Cora Pearl, and she rarely failed to make them pay heavily for the dishonor of her acquaintance. She had a revenue from various sources that would delight a dozen ambitious money-getters, and she spent it as freely as it came.

The eternal law of retribution at last began to make itself felt with the extravagant Cora. War afforded the reckless men about Paris an opportunity to employ their restless natures in scenes outside of Cupid's court. Many of her old admirers joined their fortunes with that of Napoleon, and, like him, tumbled to ruin and obscurity.

The chastening which the French people received checked their extravagance and licentious characteristics. They calmly surveyed the road which had led to their ruin, and started with the Republic, resolved that they would avoid a repetition of the causes which had undermined their prosperity and glory as a people.

Cora became an infamous "has been," a relic of an accursed system, and to-day is but a shadow of what she was. Men of promise and fortune shun her as they would a pestilence. She is at present obliged to employ her wits and preserve a sharp eye for her "dear friends," as the French call men caught in the nets of incontinence.

Formerly she held aloof from her frail sisters; she affected to despise the average courtesans who were less bad and less lucky than she. She never appeared in public except in a gilded turn-out, always occupied the most prominent box at the opera, and was altogether the most aristocratic personage in the world of vice.

She has descended a number of degrees from her once gay position. Adversity has made her philosophical, and she accepts her downfall with a grace not expected by those acquainted with her imperious nature.

The strangest thing about this notorious woman is the source of her attraction. She is not, and never has been, handsome. On the contrary she is, and always has been, plain. Her features are large, not well formed and inclined to coarseness. Her figure is not bad, nor very good either. She is not noticeable for grace. She is not strictly intellectual; albeit, she has acquired by dint of close observation and retentive memory, a quantity of bright ways and speeches that pass for wit. She is beyond forty now and looks older. When she was twenty-five she did not seem very young, indeed, there is nothing in or about her that can explain her unquestionable power of allurements. Hundreds of men who claim to be judges of women have expressed wonder at her success, not exceeded by that of any cocotte in Paris.

Not a great while ago a New Yorker who had long been acquainted with her, inquired:

"What is it, Cora, that so draws men to you? You are not young, handsome or interesting, apparently, and yet you have made dozens of men, some of them very clever and widely experienced, your abject slaves. I should like to know what it is. My curiosity is greatly piqued, for never before have I seen a woman who could charm men without ability to discover somewhere the origin of her charm."

"That is my secret, monsieur, and I should be unwise to part with it. The truth is, you have never been in love with me, if you had you would know all about it."

This woman, in brief, is the incarnation of the mercenary harlot. She declares that she has neither heart nor conscience, and in this she probably tells the truth. She avers that no man ever wronged her, that she deliberately entered upon her infamous career, and that she has enjoyed it without a tinge of regret or remorse.

Persons who have known Cora Pearl for many years say that she never does any good. She may bestow benefits sometimes, but it is by accident. She admits that she is selfish to the core, that it would be no satisfaction to her to render the whole world happy. Her desires, her aims, her aspirations, begin and end with herself. The evil she has wrought gives her undisguised pleasure. She loves to refer to the men she has ruined, particularly those who have been proudest of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is related that recently one of the New York aldermen had an idea. Moved by its rarity, he hastened to lay it before his brother Solons. "Gentlemen," said he, "I think it would add to the attractiveness of Central Park if we were to import some gondolas—say a dozen—and place them in the lake." The idea was favorably received by all but one. He was the economist of the board, and in his veins ran the blood of Irish kings. He arose and thus remarked: "Gentlemen, the idea is a good wan, but I would make an amendment. Why should we buy twelve av thim? It wud be a useless expinse. I make a motion that we buy two av thim—a male wan and a female wan. Then, gentlemen let nature take her course."

"SHOOTING" A PROFESSOR.

The Pranks Played by College Boys on a Peaceful Man.

There is no use of disguising the fact that the boys who attend our colleges are pretty tough cases on general principles. An illustration of this was furnished last week in one of the colleges devoted to turning out pious young men. The class in elocution was furnished with a professor from a distant city, who was very thorough in his methods, but he didn't amount to anything at handling boys. The boys saw he was afraid of them, and they laid for him. Last Thursday night they got into a discussion over the proper way to render a passage from the poem, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," when one of the students called the other a liar. The professor held up his hands in horror, and begged them to be seated, when the young man who had been called a liar drew a revolver and shot at the other student, who fell to the floor an alleged corpse. The professor was wild, and at this point the lights went out and every student drew a revolver and began firing blank cartridges in the air. Some were armed with putty balls and eggs, and at each discharge something would strike the professor, and he thought he was full of holes. A window was raised, and by the light of the exploding cartridges a pair of coat tails and legs could be seen going out, and the professor landed head first on some lilac bushes. They rushed to the window, and the poor man, bruised and bleeding, and as scared as it was possible for a man to be, was running for dear life. The next morning he took the train for his home, with a black eye, and clothes that looked as though something had been scraped off of them.

A SOMNAMBULIST'S DEATH,

Causes Two Innocent Men to be Arrested on the Charge of Murder.

John Buehler, an old gentleman who lived at Highland, Ill., went to St. Louis last week. He put up at the Green Tree Hotel, and the same night walked in his sleep, falling from the roof of a warehouse into the paved alley and fractured his skull.

One of the peculiar features of the case was that the cries of the old man attracted the attention of two men who came to his assistance and tried to take care of him, and while they were there two policemen came up and finding them covered with the old man's blood arrested both of them on a charge of attempting to murder him for the purpose of robbery. The prisoners were taken to the Chestnut Street Station and locked up. They gave their names as Christian Meyer and Anthony Kern, and both seemed horrified at the charge preferred, each protesting that his offence consisted of an attempt to help a poor old dying man. The fact that neither of the men had a cent of money, and that Christian Meyer had a pocketful of dry bread and a very wan, hungry face, showing that he himself was in distress, add to the case points of oddity and interest.

The testimony of several witnesses went to show that Buehler was a somnambulist, and the verdict of the Coroner was that death was caused by a fracture of the skull, the result of a somnambulist's feat.

PIUTE POKER.

How "Long Bill" Learned the Game only to be Cleaned Out by the Red-skins.

Long Bill is known to be the only white man who ever mastered the mysteries of Piute Poker. In the early days of Aurora the Indians thereabout earned, in one way and another, considerable money. All these earnings, by sure and not slow process, centered in the hands of the best poker players in the tribe.

Long Bill learned the game, and with a superior aptitude for gambling, beat them at it, in such odd hours as he could spare away from his own faro table. The Indians played, lost again and again, and then thought the matter over. Early one morning a squaw entered the saloon where Bill dealt faro, and asked the barkeeper for all the unused packs of cards he had on hand. There were twenty-five packs, which she purchased, without a word, and walked away. An hour afterwards she came back, weeping bitterly, followed by a stalwart buck, who threw down twenty-four of the packs and explained, apparently in a lordly rage, that the squaw was a "heep big-a-fool-a." She had been told to buy only one pack. The barkeeper charged the Indian three prices for the one pack, and good-naturedly returned the money for the rest, as there was always a ready sale for them.

The next day after that, Long Bill struck a rich Piute poker game on the sunny side of a vacant lot. He took a hand and lost. He sent a Piute boy to the saloon for half a dozen packs of cards. Bill continued to lose, and sent for more cards, as the Indians had none. He lost everything he had with him. Then he got mad, went to the saloon and returned with all the money he could borrow, likewise with the remaining packs of cards. The game grew

in size and interest. The playing was on an old red blanket stretched on the ground, around which the players squatted cross-legged. Back of them stood a circle of squaws, papoose laden, and the picture was completed as to figures by a lot of skulking yellow dogs, so dear to the Indian youth's heart. Pack after pack of cards was opened, dealt, and thrown away, and Bill still lost. The bucks' faces were stolid, the squaws' inflexible, and the papooses' immovable; but Bill's was a fine study of rage and surprise.

Bill's last dollar went with the last deal of the last deck. When he returned to the saloon, and was steadying his nerves with several fingers of brandy, the barkeeper remarked: "I didn't know, Bill, but when you bought all those cards, that you'd return 'em unused like Piute Sam did 'tother day. What luck, old son?"

Then a suspicion the size of a mountain fell upon Bill, but he didn't say a word, even when he had made a discovery by going and examining the back of one of the cards. He only muttered to himself, "Who'd think of looking for marks on a pack of cards you buy yourself and break the wrapper off of?"

GARFIELD'S SPIRIT GUARD.

A Vision which has caused Consternation in Maryland and Lower Delaware.

Monday night, three weeks ago, Wm. West, a farmer living near Georgetown, Md., saw, in the skies, bands of soldiers of great size, equipped in dazzling uniforms, their musket steels quivering and shimmering in the pale, weird light that seemed to be everywhere, marching with military precision up and down unseen avenues and presenting arms at the sounds of unheard commands. The vision was of startling distinctness, and lasted long enough to be seen by a number of West's neighbours, who, after the unearthly military had taken its departure and been swallowed up in thin air, retailed the strange story to their eager friends. A man named Coverdale who was driving through the country along a lonely road at the same time, being then several miles from West's house and in an entirely different direction, saw to his astonishment and alarm the same band of soldiers in their faultless uniform. Many people living near Laurel, Del., many miles away, saw the same extraordinary phenomena at the same time. A few go as far as to say, that they distinctly saw in the midst of the soldiers, and conspicuous by reason of his size and commanding presence, the hero President himself, pale, but with his every feature distinctly and vividly portrayed. There is no doubt of the fact that there were many who thought they saw Garfield in the clouds. In Talbot county the illusion was seen by numbers.

EX-CONVICT AND MASHER.

Thomas H. Thomas Trifles with the Feelings of Numerous Maidens Throughout the Land.

Thomas H. Thomas, an ex-convict, who has been lecturing on "Life in the Penitentiary," was arrested in Cincinnati last week. Among his effects were found a number of letters from females in answer to an advertisement which he inserted under the name of Dr. A. C. Stewart and Dr. Darby for lady correspondents. They are from every part of the country, and represent every age and condition in life, judging from the documents. One woman answers the doctor's (?) advertisement, as she doesn't wish to become an old maid. Another female says she is twenty-eight years old, but is not afraid of becoming an old maid, as that condition is sometimes a very delightful one. Two or three fair damsels wrote, although much against their principles. Several promised to mail their photographs by the next letter. A young lady at school writes that she is nineteen years old, dark complexion, black eyes, and five feet in height. Her father, she said, was a Professor, and very strict, and it would be necessary to observe great caution in writing. The miss lived at St. Mary's, Pennsylvania. The majority of the correspondents lived in Pennsylvania, and saw Dr. Darby's advertisement in the Erie Graphic. A pitiful letter was received by an unknown masher from Port Huron, Butler county. She complains that the Doctor hadn't answered her letter, and she was afraid that her picture had disappointed him. She makes a fervent appeal for the return of her photograph. None of the pictures, of which Thomas must have received many, were found on his person. Several of the girls were not in the least backward about praising their own qualities and attractions. A female, evidently beautiful in her own estimation, said she had a complexion like cream and peaches. The epistles, fifteen in number, taken in the aggregate, are quite interesting reading. Dr. Darby (alias Dr. A. C. Stewart, alias the genuine Thomas H. Thomas, ex-convict), has evidently been trifling with the affections of many females in this liberty-loving land.

Mrs. J. T. Preston, of Pine Grove, N. J., gave birth to a child the other day having twenty fingers and twenty toes. The child died after living three days.



HE WANTED A DRINK,

AND GOT THE VERY BEST REMEDY FOR HOT COPPERS WHICH SCIENCE CAN DEVISE; HARTFORD, CONN.

It was a "Cooler."

A countryman went into a factory in Hartford, Conn., last week, and being thirsty asked for a glass of water. He was told to get it from the water cooler, and in searching for it, mistook the fire extinguisher for the object of his search. He innocently began fumbling with the thumbcrews, and was dumfounded to get a dose of the compound square in the face. When he recovered from his surprise he said it was the "darndest cooler" he ever saw."

A Panic Among the Clergy.

The Methodist brethren and sisters of Bradford, Pa., have been having a love feast lately and the hearts of all have been overflowing with kindness, charity and love. Last Sunday, however, the calm current of heavenly happiness into which they had drifted struck a snag,

and caused a whirl of excitement among the good deacons and the brothers and sisters. During the service there was a crash in the gallery, and someone shouted "Fire!" The cry caused a panic and the congregation started for home at a 2:40 gait. A few of the clergymen on the platform preserved their courage, however, and sought to ascertain the cause of the wild commotion. On looking toward the gallery they were horrified to see a pair of well shaped female limbs, clad in particular hose, sticking through the gallery railing. A lady had fainted and fallen from her seat, her feet slipping through the railing. She was quickly extracted and the worthy ministers fervently prayed, "Lead us not into temptation."

A Burglar's Tool Chest.

Mike Govern, alias "Limp Leg," is a noted character of the west. He was recently arrested in Leadville on suspicion of being a burglar. He was discharged, but before being released, Jailer Tucker was given a tip.

The jailer indulged in a bland smile, and turning to the fellow, said:

"Limpie, let me see your tool chest before you go, will you?"

"What do you mean?" replied "Limp Leg," feigning the most profound ignorance of what the jailer referred to.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, the grand jury has said that you could go, and we want to see where you carry your burglar's tools."

"Burglar's tools!" exclaimed Limp Leg, as a shade of color passed across his features.

"Yes, the set that you carry in your wooden leg," continued the jailer, while the burglar began to retreat toward the door, seeing that his racket had been given away.

"Here, you'd better show us the trick now



FRENCH BOOTS AS PANIC MAKERS.

THE DISPLAY WHICH BROKE UP A LOVE FEAST AND HORRIFIED THE GOSPEL AT BRADFORD, PA.



HE CARRIED HIS TOOLS WITH HIM.

THE HIDING PLACE A ONE-LEGGED LEADVILLE LAWBREAKER INVENTED FOR HIS KIT, THUS TURNING HIS MISFORTUNE INTO A BENEFIT.

or we'll have you arrested. If you do, we'll give you just one hour to get out of town with your stock of tools."

At this, Limp Leg reseated himself, and pulling up his pant's leg, he exhibited the cork addition or extension.

"If you think you can find anything wrong with my leg, just look at it for yourself," said Limp Leg, as he thrust it out toward the jailer.

"Touch the spring!" shouted a voice from behind the bars.

"Touch the spring, Limpie," repeated the jailer to the fellow, who was now wild with wrath.

Seeing that he was cornered, Limpie then reached down and throwing his thumb nail on a needle that protruded from the cork leg, a small door flew open in obedience to the touch. A small hole was revealed there, and inserting his fingers, Limp Leg brought forth an assortment of articles that are employed in getting into the house of the man who has a bank account. There were skeleton keys,



A STERN CHASE AND A RUNNING FIGHT.

IN WHICH A FALSE WIFE HELPED HER LOVER TO SHOW HER HUBBY A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS WHILE THEY EXCHANGED WARM COMPLIMENTS AT SHORT RANGE; WHITE RIVER, ARK.



CAMILLE'S COLLAPSE.

HOW A FAVORITE ACTRESS WAS DOUBLED UP BY AN UNRELIABLE DEATH BED AT WATERTOWN, N. Y.



JOHN H. SPELLMAN.

WANTED AT SAC CITY, IOWA, ON A CHARGE OF EMBEZZLING \$1,500.

wear a natty uniform consisting of white vest, cut-away coat of green empress cloth with gilt buttons, on which is a crest, and Piccadilly collar with a white tie. The heavy English swells thinks it immenso to be escorted to their seats in the house by one of these jaunty girls, and the result is a largely increased patronage. The English press speaks favorably of the innovation and it is likely that other theatres will shortly follow the example.

Wanted: A Dog.

A proprietor of a restaurant in New York City refused credit for a plate of corn beef and cabbage some days since to a customer, who happened to know that the saloon keeper hated dogs. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the morning papers:

WANTED—A dog; age, breed or style not so much needed as docility and fitness for playing with children. Apply to Don Pedro, 29 Duane street, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

This advertisement was answered by men with dogs of every kind from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., who, on learning that the dogs were not want-

ed, left the curs and departed. The dogs swarmed in the restaurant like flies around a molasses barrel, and Don Pedro had lively work. He would like to find the man who inserted the advertisement.

Edgar Swain.

Edgar Swain recently attracted attention in Chicago, Ill., by endeavoring to secure the arrest of Charles E. Wellner, who eloped from Indianapolis, Ind., with the wife of Gov. Swain. There was a scene in the hotel, but the eloping pair escaped. Edgar Swain is said to be the adopted son of George Swain, of Baraboo, Wis., and to have led a fast life. It is also stated that he is now a gambler.

John H. Spellman.

John H. Spellman is wanted at Sac City on a charge of embezzling \$1,500 from the American Express Company while acting as cashier and telegraph operator. His left leg is shorter than the right one and he walks with a cane.



EDGAR SWAIN.

IMPLICATED IN A SCANDAL IN CHICAGO, AND SAID TO BE A GAMBLER.

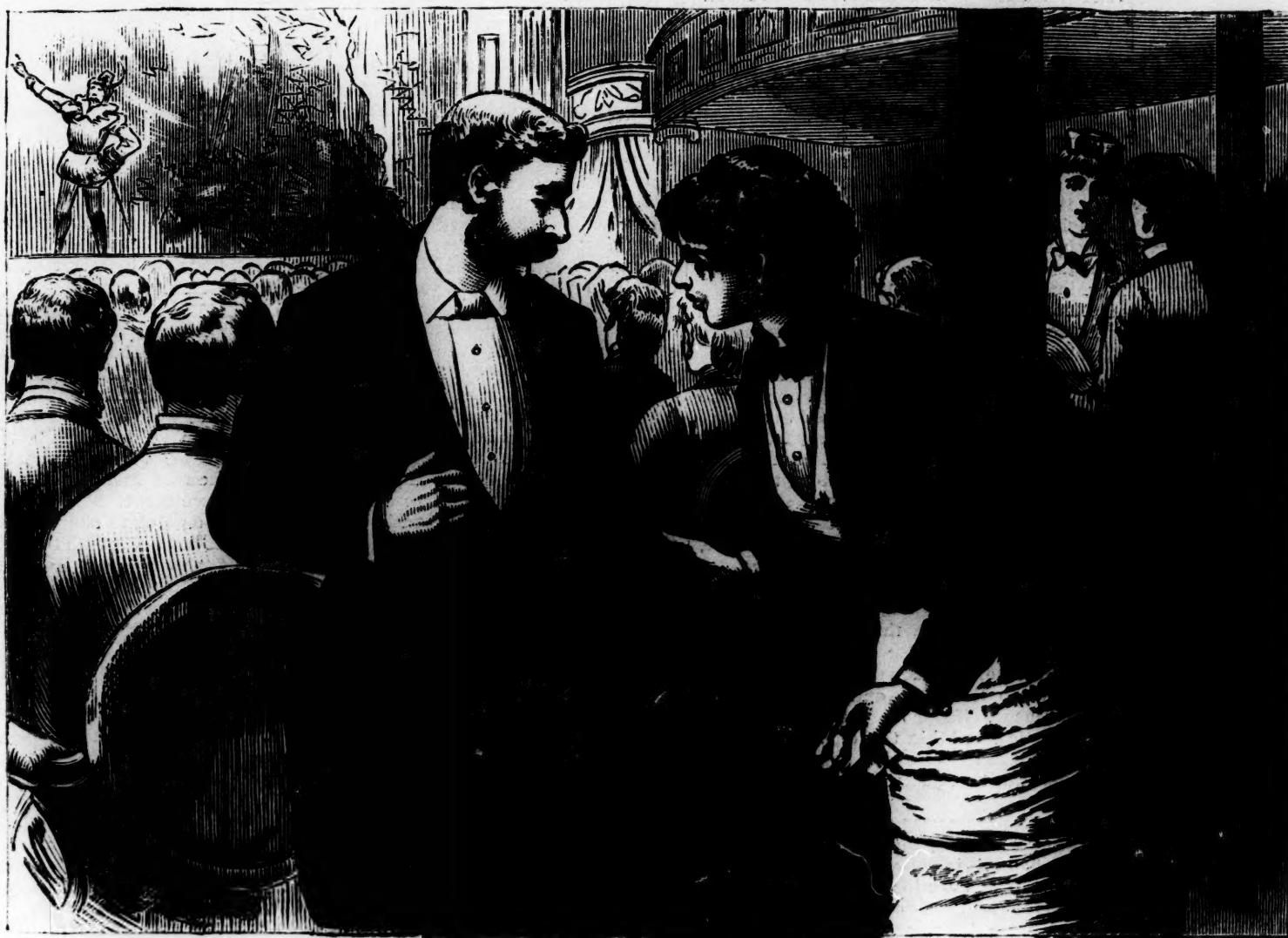
several punches, and three or four slender flies. This was indeed startling, and sticking to his word, the jailer told Limp Leg to git up and git. The door to his tool chest was locked, and he went off leaving his curse behind him.

Instantly Revived.

While Ada Gray was gasping in the last scene in "Camille" the other night, at Watertown, N. Y., the bed upon which she lay tipped up suddenly and nearly tumbled the dying woman into the pit. Camille's strength returned instantaneously, and she was on her feet with the rapidity of forked lightning, in which position she died joyously, amid much applause. The bed was a patent folding bed and had not been properly secured.

Female Theatre Ushers.

Female ushers have been introduced in the Court Theatre, London, and so far have proved a big card. They are mostly pretty girls and



"SEAT, SIR?"

THE VERY NEWEST CAPER IN THE USHER LINE NOW IN VOGUE IN ENGLISH THEATRES—AN INNOVATION WORTHY OF AMERICAN IMITATION.

The Pirates of Oneida Lake.

A bitter warfare has been going on between the fishermen on Oneida Lake, N. Y., and Game Constable Lindley, who has destroyed many valuable nets and collected fines against a large number of their owners for violation of the game law. On Friday last, accompanied by O. B. Messenger of Canastota, Lindley took a boat and rowed to Lower South Bay to drag for nets. They were pursued by two boats, one containing two and the other five men. The former overtook them, and, drawing revolvers, informed Lindley that they intended to kill him. By hard rowing Lindley and Messenger reached the beach, where they were confronted by another party of fishermen, who allowed Messenger to pass, but stopped Lindley, and threatened to kill him on the spot. Messenger, who had hastened to the hotel, mustered a rescuing party who drove the fishermen away and Lindley escaped.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fleeing from Home and Hubby.

James Wallace, a planter living on White River, Ark., recently employed a young man named George Gray to superintend the gathering of his cotton crop. Gray was very handsome and of pleasant address, and a friendly relationship was quickly established between him and Mrs. Wallace, a young and beautiful woman. This intimacy terminated last week in the flight of the young woman from her husband's home in company with the fascinating overseer. The couple got into a canoe, and by the light of the moon rowed swiftly down the river, intending to strike the nearest railroad and embark for the East. Wallace armed himself with a double-barreled shot gun, sprang into a boat and started in pursuit, coming up with the fugitives some miles below. He at once began firing, but found Gray not unprepared, as he answered by sending three or four pistol balls in close proximity to the enraged husband's head. This singular duel was kept up for some time, both men loading and firing as quickly as possible while the boats floated down the stream. It is said the fleeing wife rowed Gray's boat while he kept the pursuing husband at bay. In the melee both boats were disabled, and drifted to opposite banks of the river. Wallace had lost an oar, and was, therefore, unable to continue the pursuit. His wife and her lover abandoned their canoe on the other side of the stream and disappeared in the depths of an adjacent wood.

Hazing the "Plebs."

It has leaked out that the "Plebs," as the fourth classmen at the Annapolis Naval Academy are called, have had a hard time of it ever since the commencement of the session. The third classmen commenced the hazing by passing an order that whenever they entered a room of a "Pleb," the latter must rise and remain standing until the visitor departed. This was submitted to for several days, when one night the hazers made the rounds, and required nearly every "Pleb" to climb up on top of his wardrobe and sit there for five minutes. By degrees the hazers grew bolder, and men were made to stand on their heads in buckets, and were also compelled to submit to being shaved while having their naked feet tickled. This latter requirement caused much trouble, and several rows occurred, which, however, were carefully hidden from the authorities.

The "Statue act," an old college hazing penalty, was next resorted to. The fourth classmen would be hauled out of bed at unseemly hours and made to strip and assume statuesque attitudes on chairs and beds for the delectation of a jubilant crowd of third classmen. Rumors of these disturbances of course reached the ears of the board and resulted in the arrest of forty-eight members of the third class. They were released after three days' imprisonment and giving a solemn promise to behave themselves.

Queen of the Camp.

The arrival of the first woman in a mining camp is a matter of no small importance, and calls forth all the gallantry of the hardy miners, who carry brave hearts and true under their rough exterior. The first daughter of Eve to put in an appearance at Deadwood was received with honors such as a queen might envy. Her coming was heralded some days before she arrived, and was discussed with much animation by the handlers of the pick and shovel. Bets were freely made as to her appearance, and what she would do, and speculation ran high. A cabin was fitted up for her, and on the day she was to come into the hills the miners gathered at the stage office and impatiently awaited its arrival. At last the toot of the horn was heard and the stage rattled up to the camp. She was there: the first woman to honor the camp with her presence. The men stood around and waited patiently until she alighted, and then three hearty cheers went up which made the canon echo. Her trunk was lifted out, and she was seated on it. Then the two most popular men stepped forward and picked it up, while a third came behind and carried her parasol over her so as to shelter her from the sun. The others formed in line, each carrying some part of her baggage, and the whole procession marched to the cabin which had been prepared, and into which she was duly enstalled.

A Pig in a Parlor.

Some of the "b'hoys" in Brooklyn, N. Y., are fond of a joke, and in order to have their fun will violate all rules of propriety and are careless of the object of sport. Last week a few choice spirits were gathered in the back room of a saloon drinking and smoking, when one of them offered to bet that another member of the party dare not take a young pig into the parlor of a certain young lady of their acquaintance. The bet was accepted and the following night was selected. The next day a young pig was procured and well greased. Putting it in a basket, the young joker called on the lady and was ushered into the parlor. While waiting for the lady to appear, he loosened the cover of the basket, and shoved the pig

under the sofa. Presently the young lady came in and seated herself beside the caller on the sofa. Conversation flowed smoothly for a while, when the young man gave the basket a kick and the pig ran out. The young lady, horrified, jumped up and the young man started after the pig. The pig doubled on its tracks and rushed under the young lady bringing her to the floor with a rush. Tables and chairs were upset, and during the confusion the young man escaped; the bet was paid, but there is a big brother in Brooklyn looking for the young man, and anxious to make mince meat of him.

Dissecting Room Enterprise.

Johnny Walsh, better known as Texas Jack, is a small urchin of St. Louis, Mo. His chief recommendation seems to be that he has become the protégé of the kind hearted Judge James J. McBride, who sometimes utilizes him as an errand boy. The lad told a blood-curdling tale at the Four Courts last week, which was to the effect that while walking through the alley in the rear of a medical college a few nights ago, he was chased by some young men, who put an adhesive plaster over his mouth, took him into the dissecting room, where they laid him on the table and held him tight while they spoke to each other concerning the advisability of killing and dissecting him. Jack declares that he squirmed out of their hands and ran away, after which he pulled the plaster off his mouth, but never stopped running until he reached Judge McBride's house, where he displayed one of his cheeks covered with adhesive matter, and told the Judge the horrible tale. It is probable that the frolicsome youths will yet be identified, in which case, if they are prosecuted to the full penalty of the law, they will have ample time to reflect upon the misfortunes of fun-making.

Teaching an Indian Manners.

There are two young girls owning a rancho near Albuquerque, New Mexico, who will not ask odds of any man. Recently they were visited by an Indian in full war paint who made improper proposals to the girls, and threatened them with instant death if they did not do his bidding. But "big Injin" counted without his host, for the girls tackled him in lively style, tied him to a tree with his own lariats and gave him a sound beating. When they finished he had lost all desire for fight, but the girls left him tied all night in order that his ardor might cool off. When released the next morning the warrior limped hurriedly away and it is probable that he will think twice before he insults a New Mexican girl again.

A New Cure for Paralysis.

William Hyman was recently paralyzed by a stroke of lightning at Highwater, Minn. Some of his friends reasoned that if earth would receive electricity from the buried end of a lightning rod it would in the same manner draw out the charge with which they supposed him to be filled. Therefore they dug a hole, put him in it, and covered him up to the chin, carefully pounding the dirt around him with dirt pounders. His relatives now talk of having the officious friends indicted for murder.

TWO SIDES OF A STORY.

The Sorrows of a Telegraph Operator Who Wanted a Furnished Room.

A young man named Charles Fish was arrested in Kansas City, Mo., last Wednesday, on the charge of rape. The complaining witness is Mrs. Irene Tropol, an employee of a furnished-room establishment. Mrs. Tropol's story is to the effect that Fish came up stairs to engage a room about nine o'clock in the morning and she showed him one on the second floor. He expressed himself pleased and went down stairs, saying he would return in a few minutes and settle for it.

She then went up to the third floor and while attending to her duties in one of the rooms he came in and attempted to outrage her. She succeeded in getting away from him, but he caught her in the hall and forced her into another room, where the attempt was repeated, but she again escaped and ran down stairs, and called upon one of the men in the saloon, who, in turn, called upon an officer, and Fish was arrested as he was leaving.

He, on the other hand, says that when he returned, after having engaged the rooms, he could find no one on the second floor, and hearing a woman singing on the floor above he went up there. When she saw him she invited him into the room and threw her arms about his neck. He also avers that she took other liberties, and that the only reason she assigned at the time for not complying with his wishes was that he had been drinking too much.

Mlle. Croizette, of the Theatre Francaise, has just figured in a dramatic scene in real life. The other morning as she was leaving her house a youth 17 years old advanced toward her, presented a revolver, and telling her that he loved her, said he would shoot her if his suit were rejected. Mlle. Croizette shrieked and fainted. Her cry immediately brought assistance. He said that he was desperately in love with Mlle. Croizette, that he had been drinking to give himself courage, but that he did not intend to harm her.

A FIGHT FOR A WIFE.

The Romantic Marriage of a Young Couple at Mansfield, Pa.—A Stubborn Father Steals the Bride—An Appeal to the Courts Followed by Reconciliation and a Jubilee.

Miss Allen, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a well-known resident of Mansfield, Pa., has for a year past kept company with Geo. Clark, and the courtship resulted in an engagement. Of late the girl's parents have shown much opposition to the match and Clark was forbidden the house, but he met Miss Allen in public places, and frequently meetings were arranged at the house of a mutual friend. At length the couple determined to get married in spite of the parents' objections. The affair was arranged by Miss Kate Beach, and was carried out by the couple, assisted by Miss Beach and George Morrison, a young law student. One day last week Miss Allen attended the county fair with her mother. On pretence of going for a drink, Miss Allen left her mother and went to a place where young Clark, Miss Beach and George Morrison were in waiting with a carriage, in which all were taken to the house of Lyman Beach, a relative of Clark, where the marriage ceremony was performed. The same afternoon the newly married couple went to Mansfield to go on a wedding trip.

While they were at the depot in the evening, and just before the arrival of the train which was to take them away, Mr. Allen put in an appearance, and, after attempting to whip Clark, he marched his daughter home and locked her up. The bridegroom petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus, and Associate Judge Retan issued the writ. Meanwhile a large crowd had surrounded Mr. Allen's house and threatened to rescue the imprisoned bride. At midnight the young husband appeared with a deputy sheriff and the writ. Allen refused to admit them, fearing the crowd outside, but the paper was read and then passed through the blinds. On the day fixed for a return to be made to the writ, Allen asked for a postponement until Saturday, and while making arrangements for this Clark went to a hotel near by where his wife had been left and attempted to speak with her, but her father, returning, interfered, and the young bride was hurried into a wagon and driven off. She rose in the wagon, however, and waved her handkerchief at her husband. She was kept concealed until Friday evening, when, by a settlement between young Clark and Mr. Allen, she was allowed to go with her husband.

Early in the evening people began to suspect that something had occurred or was about to occur. Watching Clark they saw him drive up to Mr. Allen's residence at about 10 o'clock, and when he returned a few minutes later he had his wife with him. They were met by a crowd of citizens, who unhitched the horse and drew the wagon through the streets headed by a brass band. Cannon and guns were fired, and general jubilation was indulged in. At the residence of Mr. Clark's father the crowd offered their congratulations, fling past the happy pair, who were stationed in the parlor. The self-invited guests were then handsomely treated at the hands of the elder Mr. Clark.

WILLIAM A. PINKERTON.

[With Portrait.]

William A. Pinkerton is at present the superintendent of the Chicago office of "Pinkerton's National Detective Agency," and since his active participation in the business of his father he has been identified with most of the prominent cases of criminal detection which have engrossed public attention from time to time. He is thirty-five years of age, of fine physique and fully six feet in height, broad-shouldered and possessed of herculean strength. When Major Allan Pinkerton assumed the charge of the Secret Service of the Government during the war he yielded to the earnest solicitation of his son, and William was soon introduced to the rigors and perils of that most dangerous branch of the government during the trying times of the war. Through all the various operations that fell to his lot he bore himself with that bravery and devotion to the cause which has since marked him as a man of cool head and iron nerve.

Leaving the army upon the retirement of General McClellan William devoted himself to the business of the "National Agency." Since that time he has been actively engaged in all of the most important cases in which the agency has been engaged. He was mainly instrumental in breaking up and capturing the notorious Farrington and other bands of train robbers which infested the Western country, and also the "Sam Bass Gang" in Texas.

When the gigantic forgeries upon the Bank of "England" were perpetrated, and the bank was swindled out of nearly four hundred thousand pounds, William A. Pinkerton was appointed by the English authorities to manage the American end of the detection of the criminals, and it was mainly through his efforts that Bidwell was captured in Cuba and MacDonnell was secured in New York. Most of the stolen moneys were recovered and the forgers were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

In 1872 he went to Europe in pursuit of Joseph Chapman and others, who were notorious for their daring and successful robbery of the Third National Bank of Baltimore, and he was successful in apprehending them, together with a noted gang of American burglars, who had taken refuge in France.

Through his efforts Johnson and Morris, the famous burglars, were trapped, and John Woods, the daring robber, was captured in Memphis a few years ago. He discovered an attempt to rob several banks in Dallas, Texas, through the duplicity of a watchman who was engaged in watching the premises, and the detectives, by disguising themselves as burglars, joined the unsuspecting watchman and succeeded in preventing his crime and in landing him in jail.

Many other incidents could be related, but want of space forbids.

PEACHING ON HIS PAL.

Jacob Goldman Gives Away the Doings of "Jimmy the Greek."

Jacob Goldman, a burglar, was recently arrested in St. Louis, and given six hours to get out of town. Before going he gave the following story to a St. Louis reporter of his pal, Hero Arbuzzie, alias "Jimmy the Greek," who was nearly caught at the time of Goldman's arrest. He said that Arbuzzie and himself arrived on the same train on the morning of the 3d inst., intending to take in the fair and the Velled Prophet's procession. He said he had become acquainted with the Greek through Mollie Matches (a notorious thief) in 1879, when Mollie's gang robbed the Galesburg bank of some \$10,000, and meeting him on the train as he was coming to St. Louis, they struck up a warm friendship, and the two agreed they would work together at the Fair Grounds during the week. Goldman said that his friend showed him \$4,000 in United States bonds which he said he had just stolen from the Lafayette Bank in Cincinnati by what is known as "bank sneaking."

The job was done by the Matches gang, two of whom engaged the president of the bank and ex-Senator Benton, of Ohio, in conversation, while the Greek slipped behind the latter and took up about \$5,000 worth of bonds from which the ex-Senator had been clipping the coupons, and walked out of the side door. The hue and cry was immediately raised, and Mollie was captured after a lively chase, but the Greek and a confederate named Dooney Harris, alias Paddy Guerin, succeeded in making good their escape, after which the former commenced working his way west by easy stages, traveling during the night.

It was after the relation of this story that Goldman and Arbuzzie swore eternal friendship and entered into a conspiracy to rob the "grays" at the fair.

"The first man we tackled," said the relator, "was a countryman in a chocolate-colored suit and hat, who was looking at the sea lions. He had a man and a woman with him, and I passed up against him while the Greek rested his arm on my shoulder and gradually slipped his hand down into the countryman's coat-pocket and slipped out a red leather pocketbook, the end of which was sticking out. We then went away, but the cops were watching us and we could not do anything more that day. We found \$50 and a draft for \$300 in the pocketbook. Of this I got \$25 and the Greek kept the draft, but didn't succeed in collecting it. After that we worked together until I was arrested, when the Greek went back on me, although he had promised faithfully to see me through in case I got into trouble. He ain't square and that is the reason I am giving him away."

Goldman stated in conclusion that Arbuzzie had gone to Lafayette, Ind., where his wife lived.

HE WAS BOUND TO BE MARRIED.

A young man named Ernest Keekler, at noon on last Sunday, called on Miss Lizzie Kiskalt, Alleghany, Pa., to whom he was engaged to be married that evening, at her residence. While they were engaged in conversation he pulled open a drawer in a table in the room and spying an old rusty pistol lying there he commenced fooling with it as he talked to his sweetheart. The girl playfully asked, "Are you going to shoot me?" Ernest replied that he did not intend to shoot her, but was going to shoot himself, and suiting the action to the word he snapped the pistol. There was a report and the man fell bleeding to the floor, his face blackened by the charge it received. A physician was immediately summoned, who made an examination and found that though heavily loaded with powder there was no bullet in the pistol, and the injuries resulting from the explosion were more painful than serious, and especially annoying when such an important event as a wedding was to take place that evening. The twain were determined, however, to allow of nothing to interfere with the ceremony being performed, and while the physician was dressing the wounds of the injured man, a messenger was immediately dispatched for a minister who was engaged to be on hand in the evening to tie the gordian knot that only divorce or death can sever. He was on hand promptly at the hour appointed and the two were made one, the groom performing his part with credit, notwithstanding the fact that his head was bandaged and his face blackened with the charge of powder.

CRIME HAUNTED.

The Sin Which Found the Marquise de Varbaray Out at Last.

An Astounding Tragedy—How Two Lives Ended in Fury and Despair.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Eighteen years ago, two girls, familiarly known as Amadine and Francoise, solicited passers-by on the outer boulevards of Paris, licensed to do so by the police of the section of Montmartre.

These two budding women, not more than seventeen years old each, pretty in the two types of blonde and brunette, were, nevertheless, harlots of the most debased class. The courtesans of the outer boulevards are to Paris what the painted effigies of Greene and Water streets are to New York.

The girls were bosom friends, united by a common tie of ignorance, of misery and shame. They lived in the same hovel, fed from the same dish when Fortune sent them anything to feed on, and starved in company. Thanks to their beauty, they contrived to keep body and soul together after a fashion, and a trifle better than their sisters in shame.

One night Amadine, the blonde, fell in with a young workingman who was celebrating his birthday with a drunk. He accompanied her to her den. There, with the assistance of Francoise, she stupefied him with drugged brandy, robbed him of the couple of hundred francs he had about him, and threw him into a sewer excavation.

A vigilant policeman noticed their movements, and they were arrested. They had been more than once in trouble on account of petty thefts, but this was their first offense of any magnitude. The law took into consideration the strong provocation of their misery, and was lenient. They were each condemned to St. Lazare for two years.

Among the prisoners there was an elderly English woman, whose peccadilloes are unknown. The erring daughter of Albion was a woman of good intelligence and of more than ordinary education. Amadine became her cell-mate.

Before the girl left the prison her companion had taught her to read and write and to speak English and German.

These lessons, imbibed eagerly to relieve the monotony of a dungeon, made a deep impression on the pupil's mind. Her heart, corrupted as it was, was not wicked. In her new knowledge she saw a glimpse of a better life, and was filled with horror at her past. She fled from it to London.

Before her prison earnings were exhausted, she obtained employment as nurse in the family of a rich shipping merchant named Brookingham.

Within a year her employer's son fell madly in love with her. He proposed marriage; she accepted, and they were united. She retained her position in her husband's family until her pregnancy could no longer be concealed. Then young Brookingham revealed all, and threw himself upon his father's mercy. The latter did as such men commonly do. He cast the pair forth, penniless.

They were rich in love for one another, however. The young man set to work manfully to support both. After a time he obtained employment as agent for a manufacturing firm at the Isle of Bourbon. His wife accompanied him to his post, and was at his side when he died, five years later, already a rich man.

Among the officials on the island was the Marquis de Varbaray, a young spendthrift, who had been sent away from Paris to recoup his damaged fortunes and mend his broken morals. The expatriated patrician had been a frequent visitor at the merchant's house, and had been deeply smitten by the charms of Mrs. Brookingham. When her husband died he offered himself to supply his place.

There was no vestige left in the elegant young widow of the one-time stroller of the outer boulevards. To the teachings of her prison companion her quick mind had added stores of other knowledge, behind which her loathsome past disappeared as behind a veil. She had, in short, advanced from a harlot to a fine lady.

The respectability of her late husband set aside any questions as to herself. So, when she became the Marquise de Varbaray, society made no doubt of her worthiness of the title.

The marquis returned to Paris with her, and for a time proved a most devoted husband. His old habits gradually grew back on him, however. The dissipation of the past began to draw him to the debaucheries of the present, until, in 1876, there was no wilder blade in the wild city than the now middle-aged Marquis de Varbaray.

However, this may have troubled the neglected wife she did not openly exhibit her distress. It was only when she found that her

husband's irregularities had engulfed his fortune and treacher on hers and her children's that she began to act. His connection with a well-known *cocotte* of the Quartier Breda was notorious. She implored him to sever it. He promised but failed to keep his word. To her renewed importunities he responded with insults and finally with blows.

This roused the dormant tiger in her, the remnant of her old savage outcast life all her education had not stamped out, and she determined to face her rival, to frighten her into submission.

The woman was easily found. Driving to her house one morning she discovered her in her husband's arms. Varbaray fled. His paramour faced the wife she had injured with a brazen front, and the latter felt her senses leaving her.

The woman for whose caresses her husband had abandoned her was her old comrade in misery, Francoise.

The ex-harlot of the outer boulevards did not at first recognize her ancient friend. She only saw in her a woman over whom she had triumphed, and whose respectability made that triumph all the more glorious. This woman owned her husband's name. His mistress owned his body and his soul. A scene whose violence can be better imagined than described followed. It ended by the marquise revealing herself and throwing herself completely on her rival's mercy.

It was the worst course she could have taken. It roused a bad woman's envy. Francoise only hated the old companion who had been so much more fortunate than herself.

"Your husband loves me," she said. "He is mine without hope of escape, unless I choose to let him go. Of course I only want his money. Pay me, then, ten thousand francs and you can have him—and much good may he do you."

The compromise was accepted, the money paid, and the marquis cast off in favor of a Hungarian with rubles and an appetite for brandy.

The poor marquise, however, had with her own hand suspended a sword over her head which was only preserved from falling by the hair of a courtesan's caprice. Francoise had no longer any scruples. She bled her old friend mercilessly, until the latter's purse could no longer respond to the drain. Then came the threats, the menacing messages, the angry persecutions which the blackmailer makes a weapon of. Finally the long-expected and dreaded promise of exposure filled the victim's cup of misery.

One afternoon, a couple of months ago, the Marquise de Varbaray drove through the Bois de Boulogne. The appearance of her well-known equipage was the signal for a general stare—a stare so intent and curious that it embarrassed her. Her face, flushing under the vulgar gaze, turned to some passing friends. They passed her, staring at her without acknowledging her presence.

Society had cut her, and she knew that the blow had fallen.

On her return home, she found a very extensive mail awaiting her. Its contents were, without exception, copies of scurrilous newspapers which a hundred officious acquaintances had sent her. Each one was marked at a certain place. She knew what the mark denoted without reading the passage it emphasized. Francoise had revealed the whole hideous story of their past life to the editor of the scandalous sheet, who was one of her hangers-on. All Paris was rolling under its tongue the most juicy morsel of sensation it had enjoyed for years—that the lovely and fashionable Marquise de Varbaray was a woman of ill fame—a graduate from the brothel.

To the victim it meant shame, social death, exclusion from all decent companionship. There was absolutely no salvation for her. Even her servants sneered and gaped at her as they moved about the room. The insolence of the pampered lackeys went so far that when the stunned woman gathered her reeling senses a little and rang for lights, no one answered her call.

In her mind a purpose was now forming darker than the twilight shadows amid which she sat alone. All hope was gone, and with it went all of the better impulses which her honest life had endowed her with. In her despair she became once more the brutal street-walker of the suburbs, reckless as a bankrupt gambler, fierce as a hunted wolf.

Her husband had a fancy for collecting curious arms. From his museum she took a Moorish dagger—one of those fearful weapons long and slender as a gleam of lightning, with a point like a serpent's fang. At midnight a veiled shadow stole past the sleepy porter at the house of Francoise Lebrune, and was swallowed by the darkness of the hall. The proprietress of the place was absent, dallying over a late supper with some victim. The shadow waited for her in the gloom, where it crouched like a tigress.

At two o'clock in the morning the porter was roused by the arrival of his mistress. Her maid was in bed, and after gaining her room, Francoise dispatched him to wake her. A minute later, a woman entered the boudoir where the half-drunken harlot was.

"So you are here," said Francoise, angry at having been compelled to wait.

"Yes, I am here," answered a voice that made her leap up with a shriek, just as the speaker swiftly closed and locked the door.

"I—I—thought it was my maid," gasped the frightened prostitute.

"It is your executioner," replied the voice. And, casting off her cloak, the visitor leaped upon her, dagger in hand.

It was no longer the Marquise de Varbaray. It was the old Amadine, a fury, a wild beast. The miserable *cocotte* could no more have struggled against her than she could have fought a Titian. Holding her by the throat the woman she had wronged and ruined massacred her with countless stabs. Her shrieks rang out like the screams of an eagle. The porter, the police, the servants, summoned by the dreadful outcries, thundered at the heavy door. Calm amid all the riot the murderess carried her purpose out.

The door finally burst from its fastenings. The people outside stumbled into a room dripping blood, among whose wrecked furniture lay two dead women.

One was mutilated almost beyond recognition. Her face was slashed to mince-meat. Her body was ripped to shreds. The other, still gripping her by the throat, had fallen beside her with a bloody dagger buried in her heart. With the point of that bloody dagger the poor ex-street walker had written a fit epilogue to the scandal which had destroyed her.

AN OBSTINATE BRIDE

Refuses to Allow her Husband to Enter her Room, but Finally Yields.

The other night a young man from Northern Arkansas and a young lady from the Southern part of the State, met at a hotel in Little Rock and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of gettin' married is a lifetime business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," he added, turning to a single man. "Wall, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I don't sorter hate to go up there, too. But I never was afeared of a man, an' I don't see why I should be afeared of a woman."

He went up and rapped at the door. "Who's there?" demanded the girl.

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"

"No, I don't."

"It's your own wide-awake and livin' husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shan't come in here. I ain't got acquainted with you yet."

"Say, let me in. Them fellows down stairs air laughin' at me. Open the door, fur I'm sleepy," and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said that you were wide-awake?"

"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you goin' to open the door?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"'Cause I wanted to."

"Wall, why don't you let me in?"

"'Cause I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill. I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked, and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her. "It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross-roads an' went to mill early."

WHAT MAKES GUILTEAU SICK.

To the deputy warden of the jail Guiteau recently said: "What famous or infamous man has been a prisoner in this cell?" "Stone, the colored wife murderer," was the answer. "What became of him?" Guiteau asked. "He was hung," the deputy warden replied, "right out in that yard. His execution created a big sensation, his head having been pulled off his body by the rope." "I remember reading of it," Guiteau answered, "but I never supposed at the time that I would be the next man to occupy his cell. There seems to be an unpleasant history connected with all of the cells." "Yes," answered the deputy warden, "there is a strange history connected with the next cell to you." "Excuse me, please," said Guiteau, "but I would prefer not to hear it. I have heard enough already. It makes me sick."

POISON BEFORE A CONVENT LIFE.

Minnie Bridges took a dose of morphine at school in Kansas City last Wednesday. Her mother had heard that she contemplated running away to Denver with a young fellow named Charley Schott, and she went to the school house after her. There she learned that she had taken the drug and been carried home. She was found insensible, but is now out of danger. Her reason for taking poison was that she found she would be taken to the convent. Schott was arrested, and the girl's picture and letters found in his pocket. He denies all knowledge of an intended elopement.

"GUYING THE OLD BLOKE."

How Two Actors Tried to get up a Joke and got into the Lock-up.

A well dressed, solid looking old gentleman, with gold rimmed glasses perched on the end of his nose, was sitting on a bench near the fountain in the Missouri Park, St. Louis, last week, sunning himself and reading his newspaper. Two well dressed gentlemen approached him and he looked at them mildly over the tops of his glasses, but did not seem well pleased when they both sat down on the bench beside him. He went on reading his paper, however, but his attention was soon drawn to the conversation passing between the two men, which was as follows:

"Mitch," said the short man to his tall friend, "how much do you think we will make by cracking that crib to-night?"

"Well," answered the other, "I don't think we will make over \$5,000; the clerk told me they had about \$1,000 of their own money in the safe, and about \$4,000 belonging to the guests. But how will we conceal the evidences of our crime, Frank?" asked Mitch.

"Oh, I have fixed that. I have a dynamite cartridge which I will place under the safe, with the clock work attachment, which will give us just three minutes to get away. That beautiful structure now known as the Windsor Hotel will be a pile of smoking ruins."

The old gentleman whose face had been changing color all the time, carefully felt his pockets, and finding that he had lost nothing, crumpled his paper together and ran wildly across the green, not even turning back to pick up his spectacles or his hat, both of which had fallen to the ground. He was short-legged and got up on the Pickwick plan, and presented quite a picture as he ran.

"Be easy, me friend, you're safe," said Detective Hennessy, as the old gentleman rushed into his arms.

"Oh! you're one of 'em too," screamed the little gentleman, "I am surrounded by conspirators. Let me go, I say, or I'll call an officer."

"I'll not let you go, until you explain yourself," said the broad-shouldered detective towering above Mr. Pickwick.

The old gentleman was considerably nettled, but after he was shown the officer's star and quieted by an exhibition on the part of Hennessy of various small arms, he told what he knew of the conspiracy to rob and blow up the Windsor Hotel.

The detective assured his informant that he was the man that could handle those two as they deserved, and was accompanied by the old gentleman to the place where the latter dropped his hat and glasses, and which he recovered with undisguised pleasure. The old gentleman stood behind a tree and Detective Hennessy proceeded towards the bold burglars. After "sizing them" he sat down beside them on the bench, with one hand on his revolver and the other holding a paper up before him, which he pretended to read.

The pair repeated the conversation Mr. Pickwick had overheard for the benefit of the detective, only throwing in a little more gore and dynamite, this time adding the murder of the clerk to the plot. The next thing that the old gentleman saw was the detective with his revolver at the head of the tall villain and his hand on the collar of the short villain, then the trio moved toward the Four Courts, Mr. Pickwick following at a safe distance. The prisoners were conducted into the inquisitorial chamber and put through an examination by Sergeant Watkins, who said at first that he thought they belonged to the "swell mob" and were chevaliers d'industrie. Gradually it was developed that their names were H. W. Mitchell and Frank Crane, two of the Marie Prescott theatrical troupe, who had just been "guying the old bloke, you know," but had carried the thing too far when they tried it on "Bad Medicine," as Hennessy is sometimes called. They say they will feel his grip on their shoulders for two weeks to come.

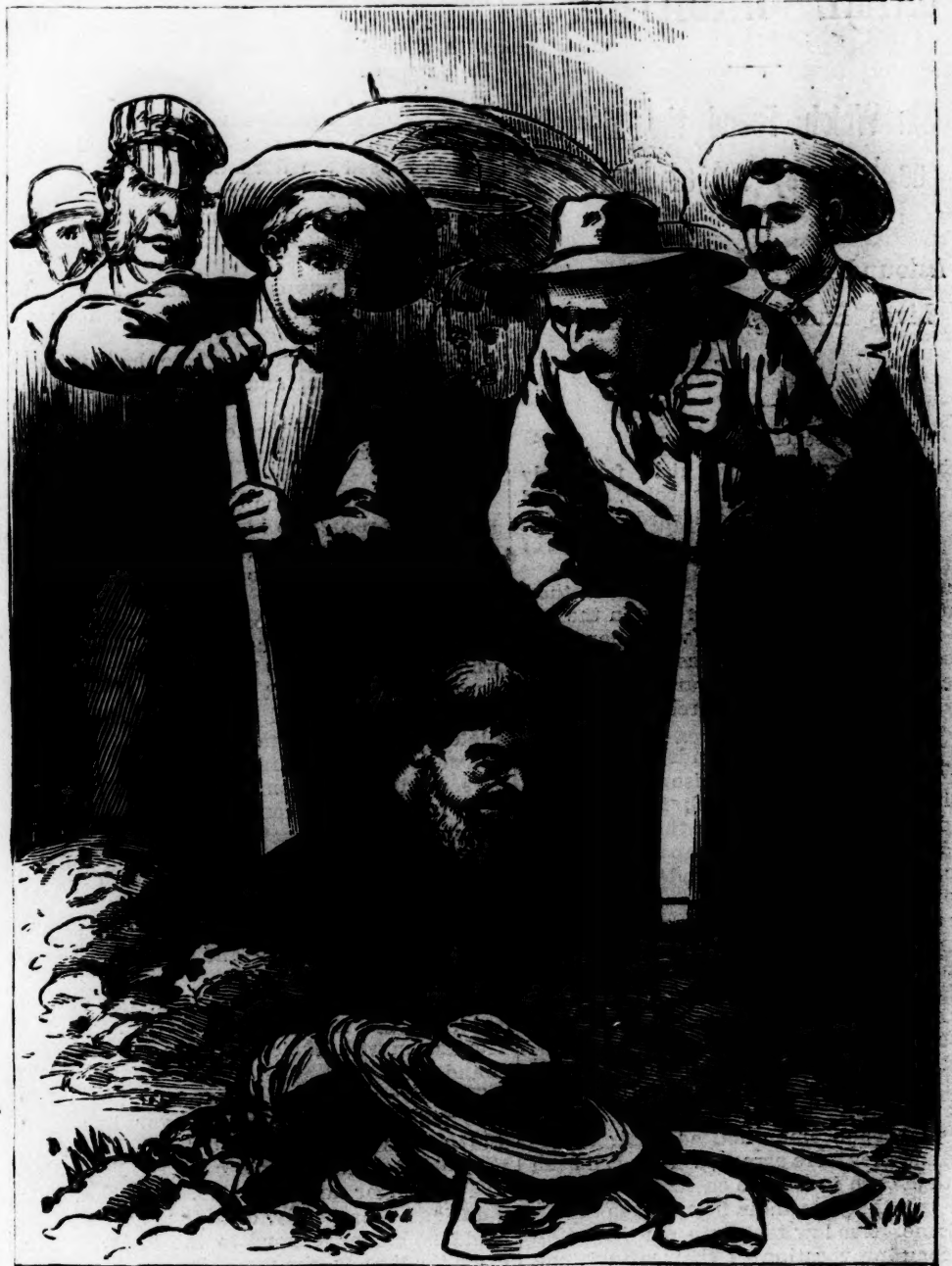
HE BOUGHT THE GIRL.

Chauncey Bennett, a gray-headed old traveler and lecturer, was arraigned in Chicago last week on a charge of abducting Grace Pierpoint, a twelve-year old girl, from the Sandwich Islands. It seems that he lived fifteen years in that country, and returned recently to the United States for the purpose of lecturing. The girl in question, who is apparently a half-breed and well-developed for her age, accompanied him from town to town and formed part of the exhibition. Everything went smoothly with the ill-assorted pair until they came to Chicago and were found occupying the same bunk in a cheap State street lodging house. The landlady, suspecting something wrong, complained to the police, and the arrest followed. In court Bennett showed a document which apparently gave him authority to act as the child's guardian. He said that he got possession of his little ward just as her mother was about to sell her to a Chinaman for thirty cents. But whether he himself had to "go a nickle harder" did not come out in evidence. He succeeded in proving that he could not have wronged the girl, and was accordingly discharged.



HE WAS ON THE WAR-PATH

TILL TWO ABLE BODIED NEW MEXICAN GIRLS MADE HIM CRAVE FOR PEACE AT ANY PRICE; ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.



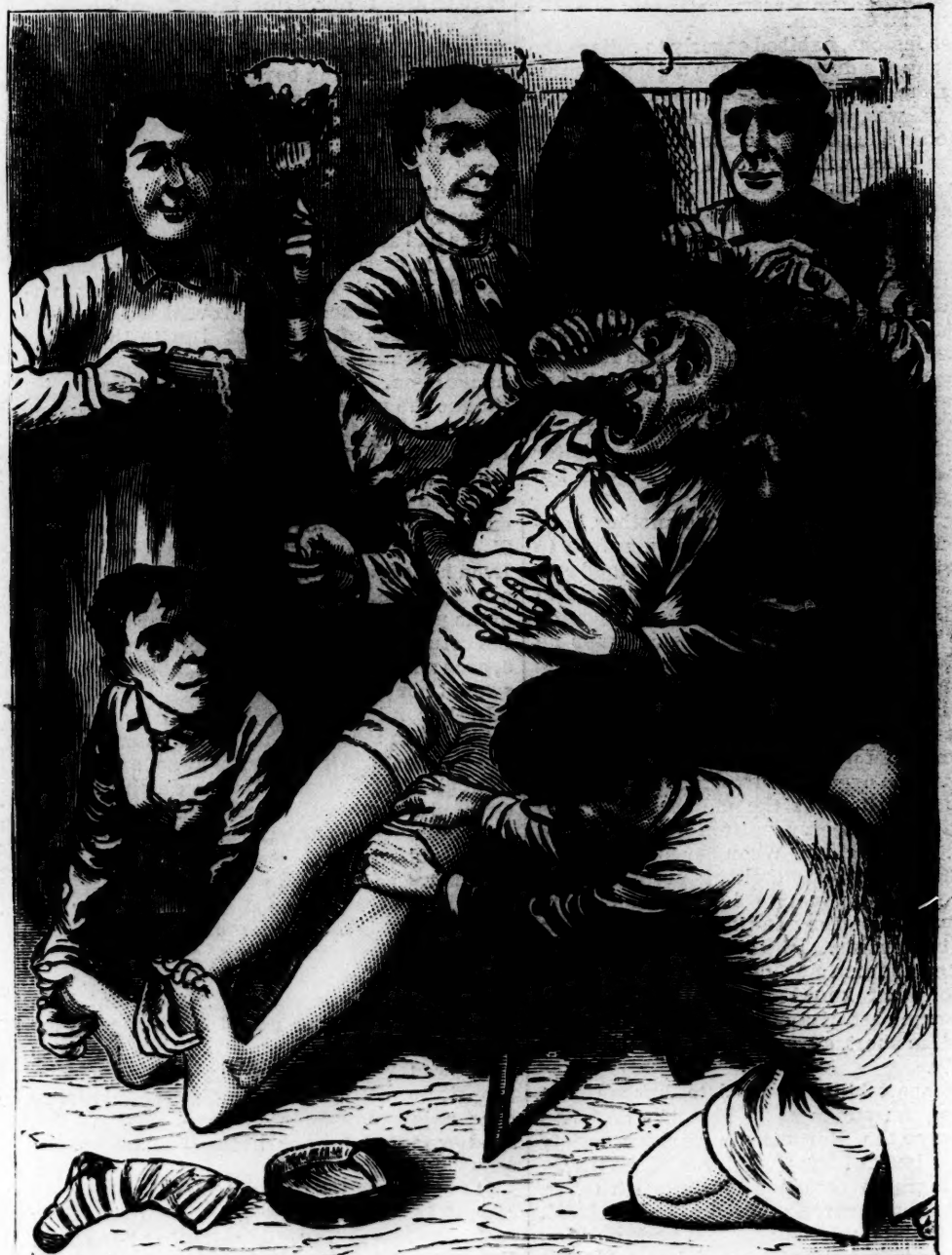
A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE COMPLAINT.

THE MANNER IN WHICH A PARTY OF MEN ATTEMPTED TO CURE A MAN WHO WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING; HIGHLANDER, MINN.



THE QUEEN OF THE CAMP.

HONORS PAID BY MINERS TO THE FIRST FEMALE WHO APPEARED IN THEIR CAMP; DEADWOOD.



ACADEMICAL BARBERISM.

HOW THE YOUNG SALTS AT ANNAPOLIS TAKE THE FRESHNESS OUT OF A NEW ARRIVAL AND MAKE HIM WELCOME TO THEIR REFINED SOCIETY.



DISSECTING ROOM ENTERPRISE

THROUGH WHICH A VERY LIVELY BOY WOKE TO FIND HIMSELF AS GOOD AS A CORPSE
AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



PIGGY'S EVENING CALL.

THE CONGENIAL AND APPROPRIATE COMPANY IN WHICH A BROOKLYN SWELL PAYS
HIS DISRESPECTS TO HIS LADY FRIENDS.



CRIME HAUNTED.

THE NEWEST TRAGEDY OF PARISIAN HIGH LIFE—HOW A REFORMED CAMILLE PAID HER DEBT TO A BLACKMAILER AND BURIED HER SHAME
IN THE GRAVE WITH THE VAMPIRE WHO HAD RUINED HER

THE MAN-TRAPS

OF

NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

They had watched a lady and gentleman leave a noted house and followed them to the restaurant in question, intending to trace them to their homes in order to discover their identity and then pursue their usual course. Their intended victims, however, left the place unobserved by them, and when the wrong parties came out they were followed, with the result already mentioned. These women patronize the Broadway stages and elevated railroad trains during the busy hours of the morning and afternoon, where they ply their trade.

Each season scarcely a steamer leaves this port for Europe but that a pair of the profession make the voyage on business intent, and they are generally successful. The Havana packets are also favorites with this class, who are on the look out for rich Spanish and Cuban planters and merchants, who fall an easy prey to the wiles of the fascinating creatures, and are as easily brought to terms by their rapacious consorts. Black-mailing in Washington during the session of Congress used to be a paying game, but the latter day Congressman is generally too shrewd to be caught napping. Of late years this same class of blackmailers carry out certain of their schemes by inserting "personals" in the newspapers, and the public would be astonished were it informed of the extent to which these games are carried.

Such a "personal" as the following, for instance, appears in a newspaper:

WILL THE MORE SLENDER OF THE TWO ladies, standing on the ground floor, not far from the Madison ave. entrance, at the walking match, at about half-past twelve o'clock Friday evening, favor the gentleman whom she noticed standing near her a short time smoking, with an address? Mention some fact to fix identity. Address E. K., box 202 Herald office.

The outcome of this is a compromising correspondence or acquaintance which is used as the lever to extort blackmail. If the advertiser can force an intimacy with a woman whose respectability is unquestioned, he has a partner who promptly assesses her for "blood-money" and is seldom rebuffed. If a woman advertises, and her prey is a married man and timid of scandal, he is approached by a confederate and subjected to the same extortion. The professionals do not hesitate to prostitute the courts to their purpose, and sometimes make the law their tool for the collection of the hush money. One recent instance is a fair sample of how the courts are used for this purpose:

A prominent woolen merchant of this city, who is rated by the commercial agencies among the millionaires, was the victim. He was arrested on an order of arrest granted in a civil action, and held in \$20,000 bail by the sheriff. The complainant was a well-known and disreputable man who had married an equally disreputable woman, who kept an equally disreputable house. In an affidavit sworn to by him, he accused the merchant with criminality with his wife, and, causing the alienation of her affection, thereby damaging him in peace of mind, etc., to the extent of \$50,000.

The complaint was partly fictitious, but the merchant moved in high society and was about to marry a wealthy lady and society leader. These facts were known to the blackmailers, and upon the merchant's sensitiveness they worked successfully. The suit was immediately compromised for \$10,000 in cash. The merchant was furious but hopeless, and so was obliged to give in. The professional soon afterward commenced proceedings for divorce against his disreputable wife. He threatened to bring the merchant on the stand as a witness and again mulcted him in thousands. It is gratifying to know that the money did not last long, and that the professional was engaged at three dollars a day as an attendant on one of the walkers in a contest for the Astley belt.

These professionals are shrewd, patient, and calculate well their chances, and study their victims thoroughly before they begin to move. The secrets of others' lives are their stock in trade, and to obtain those secrets they bend all their energies. One of the chief maxims of the foremost of them is never to write a letter to anyone with anything committal in it, and never to destroy a letter, so ever insignificant it seems; which you receive, or can steal, or pick up.

Against the blackmailer there is but one defence. Denounce him to the police and brave whatever scandal may follow. A bold front

with this gentry always wins. They may threaten and intimidate, but they will never go before the courts, as they are as much afraid of notoriety as are their victims. Let men fight them, arrest them, and push them to the wall. Then, and not till then, will they escape their clutches.

CHAPTER VIII.

POCKET-BOOK DROPPERS.

Up to ten years back the pocket-book swindle was one of the most common and lucrative games of the minor order practised in this city. Among the swindling fraternity the pocket-book droppers were looked down upon as a mean lot, but they made money all the same, and were a formidable foe to the stranger visiting the metropolis. Of late years their operations have been much restricted, but they still turn up now and then, and from years' end to years' end quite a goodly number of victims fall prey to them.

Pocket-book droppers generally confine their operations to railroad depots, and steamboat and ferry landings. They watch the arrival and departure of trains and steamboats, and fish their game out of the strangers these bring together. It seems not a little astonishing that anyone could be caught at such an old and well-ventilated game. But there are people, even in this era of enlightenment, who do not read the newspapers, or, if they do, do not take what they read in them to heart.

The pocket-book droppers usually travel in couples, but this is only for safety, as one can play the game. It is done in this way:

The thief drops a pocket-book well stuffed with greenbacks close to the place where the intended victim is standing or walking, or his accomplice may do it, and then move away. In a second or two, as soon as the opportunity offers, the principal takes up the book, making sure to attract the attention of the gentleman or lady. If it should happen the person does not see the action of finding the book, the thief will so arrange as to touch him in rising to a standing posture. The thief will open it to display its contents, and then ask the gentleman if it belongs to him. Should the victim say no, the thief will pretend he is going out of town, and request the gentleman to advertise it in the newspapers. The gentleman will probably accede to this, and is then met with, "Don't you think I ought to have something?" The gentleman will think the good, honest fellow ought to get something, and gives him a reward.

"You can deduct it from the amount here," handing the gentleman a book. This second book is not the one the thief has pretended to find. It is a similar one, filled with counterfeit money. The first one always contains good money, and the thieves have been frequently beaten at their own game by old hands.

Deviations in the manner of working are made now and then to suit particular circumstances, but the principal method remains the same.

A leaf from my note-book will describe the beauties of the pocket-book dropper's game to the reader's satisfaction. It is the story of a clergyman who came to me once to retain my services. He said:

"I was crossing the street from the Fulton Ferry, and as I stepped upon the walk in front of the United States Hotel, I felt some one pinch my leg. I turned and beheld a respectable looking, well-dressed man, wearing a black hat with a wide band of erape around it. He stood sideways to me, and I perceived that he had a large pocket-book in his hand and was about to open it; in an instant I had felt in all my pockets to see if the book was mine. At the same time the man said to me: 'If it had not been for me, sir, you would have lost a large amount of money. I saw you drop it as you stepped upon the walk, and hastened to hand it to you.'

"I assured the obliging fellow that the money did not belong to me, and that it must have been the party ahead of me. 'Well,' said he, 'if that be the case, let us open it, perhaps the owner's name is on the inside.' He opened it and as he did so, I saw a large package of bills. The outside one was a hundred dollar note. I also saw several others, but could not tell their denomination. In the meantime the fellow with the erape on his hat had been pretending to count the money, and had partly turned his back; soon he turned to me and said: 'Alas, dear sir, I can find no clue to the owner, but after having counted the money and finding over two thousand dollars, I am convinced there will be a reward of at least \$300. Now, my dear sir, I cannot remain to claim the reward, my relations all live in Buffalo, and it is scarcely two hours since I received a letter from a dear sister saying that our dear old father was at the point of death. Here his voice was broken with emotion. 'I am a poor man,' he continued, 'and shall have to borrow the money to pay my fare. Now, my dear sir, if you will kindly take this pocket-book and let me have a hundred dollars you will be richly paid by the owner when you restore it to him.' I thought the offer was fair enough and suggested that he take a hundred dollar note that I saw wrapped on the outside of the roll. 'Not for the world,' he said, 'not for the world.' And putting his hand upon his breast, said: 'Stranger, I am poor but I am honest.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN ODDITIES.

Two Iowa children, who have pink eyes, can hardly see the daylight, but can pick up a pin in the darkest night.

MARY BAUGH, aged 17, committed suicide at Cairo, Ill., a few days since, rather than entertain a bad proposition made to her by her mother.

THERE is a girl in Kings county who has had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.

CHARLES FULLER, living near Bloomington, Ill., was instantly killed by lightning. The body was found in the stock-yards, greatly devoured by hogs.

An old man in Crittenden county, Kentucky, who cursed God because there was no rain, was stricken perfectly dumb, and has not spoken a word since.

MRS. NATHAN HIRSCH, a venerable Jewess of Indianapolis, fearing that her husband was becoming blind, attempted suicide by swallowing two ounces of arsenic.

A SCOUNDREL in Denver, Col., recently escaped arrest by directing the constable's attention to a red placard, bearing the legend, "Small-pox here," which hung upon his door.

WM. VLAO, of Sparta, Mo., while returning home on horseback with a scythe, cut his arm and bled to death. When found his left arm had been gnawed off to the shoulder by dogs.

In a gambling house at Eagle Pass, Tex., where George Hauner had lost his stake, he quietly returned at a late hour and murdered the two winners, whom he found asleep on the table.

THE Rev. S. S. Hunting appeared on the stage of a theatre at Des Moines, Iowa, at the conclusion of a regular performance, and married an actor and actress, who still wore the costumes of the play.

MRS. JOSEPH HUMPHREY, of Maroa, Ill., had her husband arrested last week for cursing her in the public streets. At the trial she pleaded her own case, which was dismissed for want of sufficient evidence.

A PARTY of lynchers, after hanging a man at Socorro, New Mexico, discovered that two of their number were mounted on stolen horses. An immediate trial resulted in conviction, and two more bodies were quickly suspended.

AN Albert Lea, Minn., brute came home drunk the other night, and, in common with a lot of boon companions, spent the night in swilling whisky. His wife was confined during the night, and died before morning for want of attention.

At Lismore, Minn., a party of men went to the house of William Welch, took his wife from her bed, carried her to a haystack, where they stripped her and applied a coat of tar and feathers. Mrs. Welch is a woman of unblemished reputation.

THEODORE L. STOCKTON, a miser, died last week in a cabin of filth in Toledo, Ohio. He left an estate of a quarter of a million dollars to one or two children. He subsisted on the refuse of hotels and made a portion of his fortune burying victims of the cholera.

A LADY handsomely cowhided Peter Fossman, a saloonist, in the public streets of Independence, Iowa, a few days since. It appears that Fossman had for some time past been in the habit of sending men to this lady's house, saying to them that she was a prostitute.

An eagle was shot in Lapland recently which had a brass chain around its neck, to which was fastened a small tin box. In the box was a slip of paper on which was written in Danish: "Caught and set free again in 1792, by N. & C. Anderson, Boetod in Falster, Denmark."

FRANCIS POLLOCK, a farmer, living near Hot Springs, Ark., was shot and almost instantly killed by John Colburn, because he had married the divorced wife of Colburn, and had Colburn's two children with him. After killing Pollock the murderer took the children and escaped.

JAMES HIBNER, aged 90, was found dead in bed at Dupont, Ind., a few days since. He had his coffin made about ten years ago, and since that time has had it under his bed. Some rats bored a hole in the coffin, and he had it plugged up and had it lined with tin, and was buried in it.

A SALOON keeper of New Haven wishing to make a good sale of his place to a stranger, got him to test its value by observing that day's sales. Then he stationed a man outside who gave half a dollar to every one who would go in and spend it for liquor. But a friend of the buyer explained the situation to him and there was no sale.

THE body of Alexander Sassaman was found last week in an old shanty near Pottstown, Pa. His head was thrown back, his eyes and mouth were wide open and his bowels protruded from a hole in his stomach. It is the general opinion that he died suddenly and that the rats took possession of his body. He was over seventy years of age.

A SAN FRANCISCO policeman thought he heard the cry of "Murder" about 2 A. M. one morning

last week. Locating the sound, he rushed into the house with cocked revolver in hand and burst into the room from whence the sound proceeded, only to find a youngster being ushered into the world by a skilful accoucheur. The officer beat a hasty retreat.

A WOMAN living in a Boston apartment house let herself down in the elevator after the usual time for operating it. She found herself at the bottom of the well, with the door locked and no steam up to lift the car again. The janitor, to punish her for what she had done, left her a prisoner all night. Then she made him a prisoner in a police station.

WM. WILSON engaged himself to marry Susan Southwell, at Orden, Utah, and among his gifts were a sewing machine and a cabinet organ. Her parents forbade the union, and told him to take away his presents but he delayed doing so until he was married to another girl, and then, when he called, Susan gave him such a thrashing that recovery is doubtful.

E. J. WILSON, who has been engaged in canvassing Council Bluffs, Iowa, for an illustrated edition of the Bible, left a short time since with a woman of loose virtue, the twain buying tickets for San Francisco. Wilson was under the impression that she had \$1,800, but on reaching their destination, Rawlins discovered that she would not get it till next year. He then abandoned her.

PEDESTRIANISM has killed one of the men who figured conspicuously in it. Joseph Allen, of Adams, Mass., commonly called "Jo Tick," was found dead from heart disease. He had been suffering since his last race. Allen has been in three six-day go-as-you-please races in this city, making a record of 525 miles in the second. In the last race he dropped out on the second day, claiming that he had been drugged.

THE Rev. Theodore Arnold, of North Tarrytown, missed some fancy fowls, and procured a search warrant and went through the dwelling of Allen Thornton (colored), who is also a preacher. There Mr. Arnold found chicken bones and feathers, the latter being identified as having covered the backs of his missing fowls during their life, on his premises. Justice Kendall sentenced the colored dominie to six months in the Albany Penitentiary.

RECENTLY Ellen Ann Swigan, of Pittsburg, Pa., swore out an affidavit charging Thomas Benton with bastardy. The suit was brought to a close by Benton marrying the girl. This is the second time the Swigan girl has brought the same charge against parties, and both ended the same way. Her first husband, Jas. Crooks, was forced to marry her or stand trial, and lived with her only a few weeks. She obtained a divorce within a year. The last marriage will probably terminate the same way.

AFTER infinite pains and much terror the occupants of a hotel in Madison, Wis., recently succeeded in killing a snake which had been discovered snugly coiled upon a cushioned settee. Before the first story of the enterprise had faded a traveler descended from his room with an anxious and careworn look upon his face, and asked the landlord if he had seen anywhere about a pet snake which he was in the habit of carrying in his coat-tail pocket, but which had mysteriously disappeared.

MRS. CORLISS was arrested at South Acton, Mass., on a suspicion that she had stolen \$400; but, as she was old and highly respected, and the accuser was a commonplace blacksmith, she was promptly discharged. Much sympathy with her was manifested, and, as for the blacksmith, he was condemned as a reckless calumniator. There were several dissenters from these views, however, and they secretly set a watch upon Mrs. Corliss, by means of which she was caught taking the money from a place in which she had hidden it.

JOHN TOWER, a peddler in New York city, became involved in a fight while intoxicated, and drawing a knife, tried to cut his antagonist. When the fight ended Tower imagined that he had mortally wounded the man, whereas he had not even touched him, and in great distress at his supposed crime he fled to the house of his sister, in Dennison place, Morrisania, where he arrived at about 7 o'clock. His sister was not at home, and Tower, after a moment's hesitation, went to the back yard and there shot himself through the head. On his way to the hospital he died.

THE Widow Merritt, of Goshen, Mo., read in the Cincinnati Enquirer a suggestion that President Arthur might wisely seek in the west a lady qualified to be mistress of the White House. She wrote at once to the editor: "When I saw your advice I immediately said to myself, I will ask you if you would write to President Arthur, and, if he has not already taken some one, I would ask him to try me for three or six months, and this for no salary or reward. I only want to get in and take the responsibility for a time, and then, should he not find me all I promise, I will give it up." Mrs. Merritt was for years housekeeper of her late husband's hotel in Louisville, and she thinks the experience there gained would enable her to "take entire charge of the White House from top to bottom." She takes pains to state, lest there should be some misapprehension, that she wishes the President to take her as a housekeeper, and not as a wife.

GUITEAU IN COURT.

**The Cowardly Assassin Trembles
When Arraigned at the
Bar of Justice.**

**His Trial Set Down For Nov. 7th—The
Precautions Taken to Save Him For
the Hangman's Daughter.**

**The President's Friendless Murderer
an Unkempt, Seedy, Abject Wretch.**

A WOULD-BE AVENGER ARRESTED.

"I am sick. I am not well enough to go to-day." This is what Guiteau said to the deputy warden who called at his cell at about 9 o'clock last Friday morning to inform him that he was to be arraigned, and, prepare to go to court.

Guiteau lay upon his bed and stubbornly refused to obey the warden. He had not received any previous notice of the arraignment, and the sudden announcement caused him to quake with fear. The warden left Guiteau, and soon afterward Chief Detective McElfresh entered and said:

"I have come to take you to the court to be arraigned and I want you to get up and dress. Do you know me?"

The assassin, looking toward the light from the dark corner of his cell, did not at first recognize his visitor, but as soon as he had spoken he did and said: "You are McElfresh; I know you well. Do you promise me that I shall be safe?"

The detective answered: "I give my personal promise that you will be brought back here without a hair of your head touched, and I will be at your side every minute." McElfresh has a strange power over criminals, and his words reassured the cowardly murderer. "He was dressed inside of three minutes," said McElfresh, in narrating the proceedings afterward, "but he is in mortal fear of the soldiers about the jail. He hurried through the jail corridors, where they are still on guard, casting very nervous, anxious glances at them and clinging to me. He has always been afraid of them, and has been very much more afraid since Mason tried to kill him and so nearly did it, and he is afraid of the guards, too, since McGill attacked him. He told me that story to-day and if what he says is true, McGill evidently tried to kill him. The guard who saw us put the handcuffs on him said: 'You want to watch his feet too, for he is nimble and can run.' He was nimble and strong, except when overcome by fear. He seemed to have more courage when we drew near the court house when he found we were progressing unmolested."

Those who had charge of Guiteau had made very careful arrangements for his safe keeping. He was taken from the jail and put in an ordinary closed carriage, with horses specially chosen for speed and endurance, and with a driver who knew the road. He was accompanied and closely watched by Detective McElfresh, and one court and one jail official, all of them men of nerve and prudence, and all well armed. The carriage was driven leisurely along the usual road, at an hour when the van does not generally leave the jail, and at a time when the crowds were assembling in the street to witness a militia pageant connected with the reception of the French and German visitors. Guiteau was taken to a side entrance into the basement room of the court house unnoticed.

Meanwhile, in the court room nothing was definitely known as to whether Guiteau would be arraigned, or, if so, at what hour. The room itself was densely packed by persons, most of whom were on such relations to the authorities as to have had intimations that something might occur. District Attorney Corkhill was in attendance, and had numerous conferences with the Judges. He seemed to be anxious, and had a preoccupied air.

Scattered through the audience were a number of detectives in citizens' dress at every entrance, near every window were policemen in uniform, and near the main door a captain and lieutenants of police. The bailiffs were also watchful, and the faces of all in attendance were almost every moment carefully scrutinized by some new official in search of a Jersey avenger. The detectives had been in the room from the early morning, but the policemen were not stationed there until about 1 o'clock. Their sudden appearance, and the manner in which they arranged themselves, indicated unusual precautions.

Soon after District Attorney Corkhill entered he was followed by George Scoville, the assassin's counsel and brother-in-law, who took a seat at the table in front of the bar at which criminals are arraigned to plead. Mr. Scoville was very cool, and seated himself as though about to engage in an ordinary law case. He was hardly seated when the bailiffs made a passage through the crowd about the door through which prisoners are generally

brought in, and the President's assassin was before the court. It was a startling sight to those who had known Guiteau for many years, and a much more startling one to those who for the first time saw the murderer. He was preceded by United States Marshal Henry, behind whose stalwart form he seemed to cower as though in fear. He was firmly held on the arm by Detective McElfresh, and on the other by the Deputy Warden. His hands were bound in front by handcuffs.

As he was brought before the bar, he awkwardly raised his ironed arms and removed his hat. It was then that the most startling effect was produced. His hair, which always stands on end and is cut short, was cut still more closely in accordance with prison regulations. His face was deathly pale, and had that sallow jail color of which, it is said, it takes released convicts years to rid themselves. His eyes were wild and rolling, and he looked about in a nervous, terrified sort of way. Before taking his seat, and before the handcuffs were released, he turned himself fully around and looked upon the dense mass which filled the court room—cowardly, shrinkingly, almost with a shudder, as though to make sure that some avenger with a "bull dog" was not also at his back. Satisfying himself apparently that the crowd was orderly, and seeing the officers massed about him, he became more calm, and turned to the Judge. His ironed arms were unbound and he took his seat, a miserable, abject, unkempt, seedy-looking wretch, the President's friendless murderer.

Meanwhile the indictment was procured and the District Attorney somewhat peremptorily directed Guiteau to stand up. He rose, stood quietly, showing much less nervousness, and listened to the prolix indictment as it was read. The clerk, in clear tones, and with an easy manner, read the seemingly endless legal jargon for half an hour. Guiteau meanwhile stood, as a weak man could not have stood, firmly on his feet, scarcely changing his position, listening to the document that was arraigning him at the bar of justice. During the reading he for the most part closed his eyes, and when he did so his nervousness was the most apparent, for the eyelashes were in a constant visible tremor; but his hands were firm, and he rested them upon the table as though in repose. When the final words, "James A. Garfield, languishing, did die," were reached in the various counts, there was not the slightest change of expression upon that pallid face. The indictment might have been, so far as the stolid prisoner at the bar was concerned, the reading of a document in an unknown tongue.

But if Guiteau seemed unconcerned, the officers who had him in charge were not. They were oppressed with the grave duty imposed upon them—the safe keeping of the prisoner. They gathered in a semicircle about him. At every movement in the court room they intently looked over the vast audience to ascertain the cause. Policemen, detectives, marshals and bailiffs kept the closest watch, and as the result proved, not without cause, for if one poor crank could have found a pistol in time, Guiteau would probably be a dead man to-night or some innocent spectators have been wounded. Once or twice when a door slammed Guiteau turned nervously about, as though to make certain that no one was approaching him, and observing the officers by his side ready to protect him, again became calm and quiet. After the indictment was read Guiteau was noticed to be fumbling in his vest pocket, and while thus employed the clerk addressed him:

"What say you to this indictment—guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and drew out a soiled and crumpled scrap of paper.

The District Attorney (imperatively)—Enter your plea of guilty or not guilty.

The prisoner—I enter a plea of not guilty, if your Honor please, and I desire to make a statement.

The Court—At some other time. It would not be appropriate just now. Sit down.

The prisoner thereupon took his seat.

A discussion then ensued as to the date of trial and it was set down for Nov. 7th, 1881. This closed the proceedings for the day. The marshal and his assistants replaced the handcuffs on the wrists of Guiteau, who manifested throughout the same listless indifference which he had shown when the indictment was being read to him. He was hurried out of the court in the same way he had been brought in, and was put into a hack in waiting and driven back to the jail in custody of the marshal and his assistants.

While Guiteau was being arraigned a large sized man approached some of the officers of the court and asked for the loan of a pistol. His inquiries causing suspicion, he was taken to Police Headquarters, where he gave his name as George H. Bethard, and showed a diploma as a lawyer issued to him on June 23 in Columbus, Ohio. He said that he fought in Garfield's regiment, and showed two gunshot wounds in his legs and a bayonet wound in the side of his head, which he received at the battle of Shiloh. He had been doing clerical work for a lawyer in this city. He heard that Guiteau was to be arraigned and intended to get a "bull dog" pistol and shoot him at the City Hall. He took his diploma with him to insure getting into the court room as a member of the bar. He had evidently been drinking.

RYAN AND SULLIVAN.

**The Great Battle for \$5,000 and the
Championship of the World,
to be Fought Near New
Orleans Next
February.**

The great prize-fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., who is claimed to be the greatest pugilist of modern times, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., the champion pugilist of the world, will certainly take place within one hundred miles of New Orleans, on February 7, 1882.

Sullivan is confident that he can whip Ryan and he has a host of admirers who will back him heavily on the day of the battle. Ryan is backed by the POLICE GAZETTE, and owing to the pluck, science and stamina he displayed when he met and defeated Joe Goss, he has a host of friends who will wager long odds on and before February 7 that he will defeat Sullivan. Harry Hill holds \$1,000 on behalf of the match, and from present indications the battle will be one of the most desperate ever fought since Hyer whipped Yankee Sullivan and Morrissey whipped John C. Heenan.

Ryan and Sullivan are giants of the arena and should be able to hold the championship against any pugilists in the world.

Paddy Ryan, the POLICE GAZETTE champion pugilist, was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He is one-half inch more than a six-footer, without shoes, and ordinarily his weight is 221 pounds. From his childhood he has been a great admirer of athletic sports and proved to be very clever with his mawleys. He displayed great agility as a wrestler and at the age of 19 was able to handle any of his comrades in a rough-and-tumble scrap. At the time Matt Grace, the wrestler, of this city, wrestled John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., for the championship, at Troy, Ryan had a dispute with Johnny Murphy, a tall, athletic boxer of New York, who challenged him to fight. Ryan at once agreed to meet Murphy in a room and engaged a carriage to take them to the place selected for the battle. Murphy, however, refused to meet the Trojan and the battle ended in smoke. After this display of pluck Ryan gained quite a name in Troy and sporting men in that city looked upon him as the coming champion. In the meantime Ryan engaged in several rough-and-tumble fights and he proved he possessed all the abilities necessary to make a successful pugilist. In the early part of April, 1878, Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss were fulfilling an engagement at Harry Martin's Grand Central Theatre, Troy, and while they were there Ryan and his friends indulged in considerable fight talk. On Jan. 1, 1878, Ryan and Dwyer happened to meet in a saloon where each gave expression to his feelings and the upshot was that Ryan's backer put up \$40 against a like amount in support of a bet that Dwyer wouldn't make a match for \$1,000 a side, to fight in Canada within fifty miles of Buffalo. The principals and their backers met at the appointed time and before separating a match for \$2,000 and the championship, to be decided between July 15 and 25, 1878, was ratified.

On June 22 Ryan, accompanied by his trainers, Joe Goss and Jim Turner, came down from his training quarters at Sandlake, N. Y., the two former having been engaged to spar at an entertainment gotten up in Brooklyn by Kenny, the bill-poster. The attendance at the affair, which took place at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., that afternoon, was light, and as the promoter wouldn't live up to his agreement as regards remuneration for services, Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss declined to appear. That evening, while on their way to and within a short distance of the ferry to New York they were assaulted by a rough gang. Ryan being knocked down, stabbed on the left side near the kidneys and kicked in the face, cutting his lip and knocking out two sound front teeth. His companions were but slightly hurt. Ryan was conveyed to the house of Charley Johnson, in Fulton street, Brooklyn, then Dwyer's principal backer, where his wounds were dressed, the stab being found to be of little consequence, although narrowly escaping a vital part. Next day Ryan left for Troy, not wishing to be detained as a witness against the half dozen whites and negroes who were arrested for the assault, some of whom were tried, convicted and imprisoned for the offense.

Shortly after this affair Jimmy Elliott challenged Johnny Dwyer to fight for the championship and \$1,000 a side. These noted pugilists arranged a match and Ryan decided to challenge the winner. Elliott and Dwyer fought at Long Point, Canada, on May 9, 1879. It was, without exception, the briefest and most terrific encounter that ever took place in the ring. In twelve minutes and forty seconds twelve rounds were fought, Dwyer winning the battle.

Ryan then challenged the victor to fight for the title, but the latter declared that he had retired. Ryan was bound to be the champion

and offered to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 and the title. Joe Goss, the ex-champion pugilist of England, and Jimmy Elliott both accepted Ryan's def. Ryan gave Goss' challenge the preference and they met and signed articles to fight for \$2,000 and the championship of America. After all the stakes were posted great interest was manifested in the match, and nearly all the old ring men and the knowing ones were confident Goss would win. It was agreed that the battle should be fought at Long Point, Canada, and the pugilists and a number of sporting men journeyed to Erie, Pa., which was to be the starting place. On the morning of the fight a hitch occurred and Goss and his backers refused to go to the battle grounds and the proposed fight for the time being ended in a fizzle. Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, a noted sporting man, was the stake-holder, and to please the sporting public he decided to make the pugilists fight. He named June 1, 1880, for the day and the spot selected was near Collier's Station, in West Virginia, and in the same place where Ned O'Baldwin and Jim Mace met but did not fight, and where the battle between James Campbell and Harry Hicken was interrupted by a riot.

A selected crowd of sports were present and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE witnessed the great mill. Nearly half an hour was wasted in selecting a referee, and there was some fear that a failure to agree would spoil the expected fight. Arthur Chambers, of the Goss side, insisted on Roach's naming some one. After several names had been mentioned, Shell Fairchild, of Pittsburgh, was suggested, and he promptly accepted. Steve Pine acted as umpire for Ryan, and an unknown official for Goss. The referee ordered the men to get ready and the toss for corners was won by Goss. The men threw off their wraps and were stripped to the waist. Both looked splendid. Ryan was a giant, with muscles of iron and long, active arms. Goss was a marked contrast to Ryan, being a much smaller man, but when the fight began he looked the prize-fighter every inch.

Ryan proved he was a clever wrestler and an expert boxer. Goss made a game and uphill battle, but in the eighty-six round, Ryan, by a severe cross right-hand counter blow, instantly knocked him down, Goss falling on his knees. Arthur Chambers and Billy Crowley claimed foul, amid great excitement, but it was not allowed. Referee Fairchild called time, but Goss, by the advice of his friends, failed to respond, and the referee declared Ryan the winner amid tremendous excitement. The time of the battle was one hour and 27 minutes. Since this battle, Ryan had a turn up with Dwyer in Billy Tracy's, the noted sportsman, saloon in New York. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is the backer of Ryan in the coming great match.

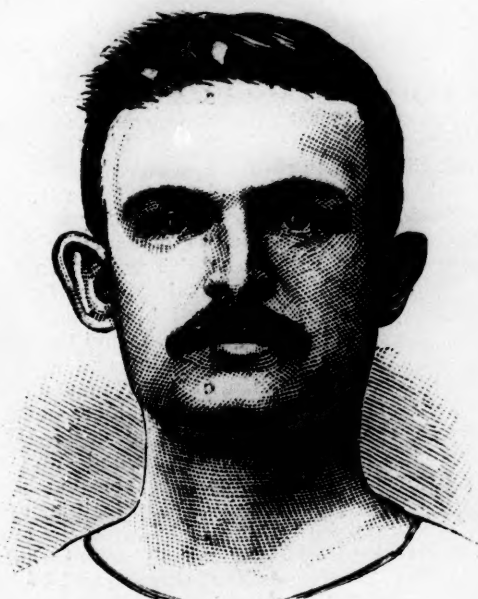
In the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we will give a sketch of John L. Sullivan, now matched to meet the champion of the world.

OCH HONE, MR. MALONE

**Visits a Neighbor's Wife, Gets Pounded and
then Arrested for Mayhem.**

Mr. Malone and Mr. Higgins had a fight in Kansas City, Mo., last week, and Mr. Higgins had his nose chewed up. Then Mr. Higgins had Mr. Malone arrested for mayhem. The fight was over Mrs. Higgins. Twelve years ago Mrs. Higgins was wooed and won by J. A. Canfield, in St. Louis. They afterwards moved to Philadelphia. Suddenly Canfield disappeared one night as mysteriously as Charley Ross. In a few days a cold corpse was found knocking against the piles of the docks in the Delaware, and Mrs. Canfield pronounced it that of her missing lord. She mourned for him sincerely and then took unto herself Stephen Higgins, the gentleman whose nose was blasted for life. Fate caused Mrs. Higgins-Canfield to remove to Kansas City, and one day she was astonished in beholding in the flesh, walking along the street, no less a person than her former husband. She shrieked "Tis he!" and clasped thin air. Canfield had disappeared again. She hunted him up and found him the proprietor of a refrigerator factory on Twelfth street, where he was making a comfortable fortune. Before she could rumple his back hair he fled and she took possession of the premises. She could not retain her hold, however, and was obliged to turn the property over. Canfield returned finally and arranged matters satisfactorily.

Mrs. Higgins was separated from her second husband for quite a while, and formed the acquaintance of Malone. Mr. Higgins became jealous, and on several occasions when Malone came around, arrayed in purple and white linen, daubed Mr. Malone's white vest and Sunday pants with gore. On one occasion, only a week ago, he caught his rival in the act of crawling through a window in his house, whereupon he shot Mr. Malone in the eye and caressed him with the butt end of a pistol until Mr. Malone was quite put out and had to be carried to the police station in an express wagon. He refused to prosecute and bided his time until Sunday, when he made another visit, with the evil result first narrated. Mrs. Higgins, in the character of Helen of Troy, can now choose between her noseless Agamemnon or her demoralized Paris.



ARTHUR BASSETT,
CHAMPION ONE HUNDRED YARD RUNNER OF
OHIO.

Peter Croker, Noted Pugilist.

Peter Croker, the noted pugilist, died on Oct. 12, 1881, in New York city. He was born at Leicester, England. He weighed 136 pounds in condition and stood 5 feet 6 in his stocking feet. Croker fought Patsy Hogan for a purse; the battle only lasted fifty-eight minutes, during which five rounds were fought, when Croker was hailed the winner. His victory over Patsy Hogan created quite a stir in Gotham at the time, and the Fourth Ward gang were ready to match him against almost any pugilist. In the meantime Croker appeared at all the sparring shows at Harry Hill's and always held his own against such pugilists as Tom Nesbitt, Jack Leary, Dad Cannon and Steve Taylor and Martin Neary.

Croker was finally matched to fight Martin (Fiddler) Neary for a purse. The battle was fought at old Joe Cooke's Sunny Side Hotel, Long Island, on Oct. 26, 1871. The battle was a long and desperate one; after seventy-three rounds had been fought the ring was broken in and the benches upset. The crowd pulled revolvers and there was a lively time until Croker was declared the winner. The fight lasted one hour and twenty-eight minutes. In 1873 Croker fought and defeated Jack Boylan. Croker got to drinking and was finally whipped by Billy Edwards. He had many friends in the Fourth Ward.

Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the well-known leader of the Irish land league movement, was arrested at Morrison's hotel, Dublin, early on the morning of Oct. 13, on two warrants signed by Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland. One warrant charges him with inciting the intimidation of tenants from paying rent justly due, and the other with intimidating tenants from taking the benefit of the Land act, by applying to the Land Commission to fix a fair rent. Mr. Parnell was taken to Kilmainham jail. His



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

PETER CROKER,

FORMERLY NOTED PUGILIST, DIED AT NEW YORK CITY ON OCT. 12TH, 1881.

arrest has created great excitement both in Great Britain and America.

George M. Scoville.

George M. Scoville has come into public notice as the brother-in-law and counsel of

Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. Mr. Scoville firmly believes Guiteau to be insane, and that will be his principal defense, although he will raise every legal point possible in the prisoner's defense. Mr. Scoville says that he has undertaken the defense mainly at the request of his wife, who



WILLIAM A. PINKERTON,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "NATIONAL DETEC-
TIVE AGENCY" AT CHICAGO, ILL.

is a sister of the murderer, and not because he desires notoriety. While attending to Guiteau's case, the person who holds a mortgage on Scoville's property in Indiana has advertised it for sale.

Arthur Bassett.

Arthur Bassett, the champion runner of Ohio, is 23 years old, weighs 155 pounds and stands five feet six and one half inches in stocking feet. On September 8, 1881, at Zanesville, Ohio, he defeated Edward McNulty, of Ashland, in a 100 yard race, covering the distance in 10 seconds. He also beat R. W. Emerson, of Wilmington, O., making the same time. Bassett has only one arm, having lost his right arm in 1878, while working in the employ of the St. Louis Bridge Company.

Kiting to Heaven.

Mike Suttel of Brookhaven, Miss., flew a kite containing 176 square feet of surface. The string is one mile long, while the tail is fifty feet in length and weighs five pounds. One night last week he sent it up, being assisted by four able-bodied negroes, one of whom, known as Capt. Ben Scott, became entangled in the tail, and there being a brisk breeze at the time he was elevated some distance before he disengaged himself when he fell to the ground and is now in the hospital. The physician in attendance says he will recover, there being no bones broken, as he alighted head first. The elevation of this "mammoth flyer" created a great sensation in the vicinity, with its appendages of Chinese lanterns, cow bells and "hummers," and great was the sensation of the uninitiated who viewed it from afar believing it to be a runaway comet with death and destruction in its fearful track.

The police of Boston now wear helmet-shaped hats of the London pattern.



GEORGE M. SCOVILLE,
OF CHICAGO; BROTHER-IN-LAW AND COUNSEL OF CHARLES J.
GUITEAU.



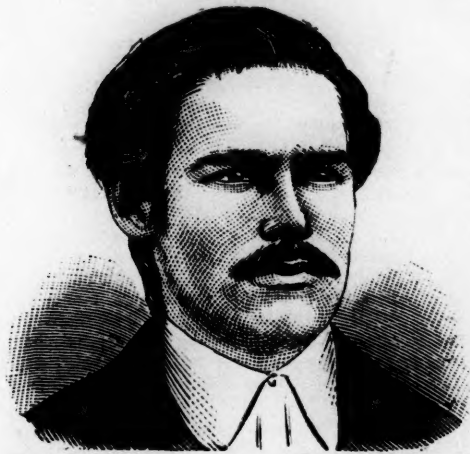
KITING TO HEAVEN.

THE NOVEL MEANS ADOPTED BY A CULLED COMMUNICANT
TO GAIN THE PROMISED LAND FROM BROOKHAVEN, MISS.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL,
PRESIDENT OF THE LAND LEAGUE, ARRESTED UNDER THE
COERCION ACT; DUBLIN, IRELAND.

"Molly Matches."



STEPHEN EFFLER,

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED AT MARION, N. C., ON
NOV. 11TH, 1881, FOR MURDER.



JOHN P. HAUBRIS,

BROKE JAIL AT GRANITE FALLS, MINN., WHERE HE
WAS HELD ON A CHARGE OF HORSE STEALING.

John Larney, alias "Molly Matches," one of the most expert pickpockets in the country, was recently arrested in Cincinnati, O., and was turned over to the Sheriff of Galesburg, Ill., where he is wanted under an indictment against him of robbing the Second National Bank of Galesburg of \$10,000. The robbery took place in the year 1869, and upon the day of the robbery "Mollie Matches" was seen twice and recognized opposite to the Galesburg Bank.

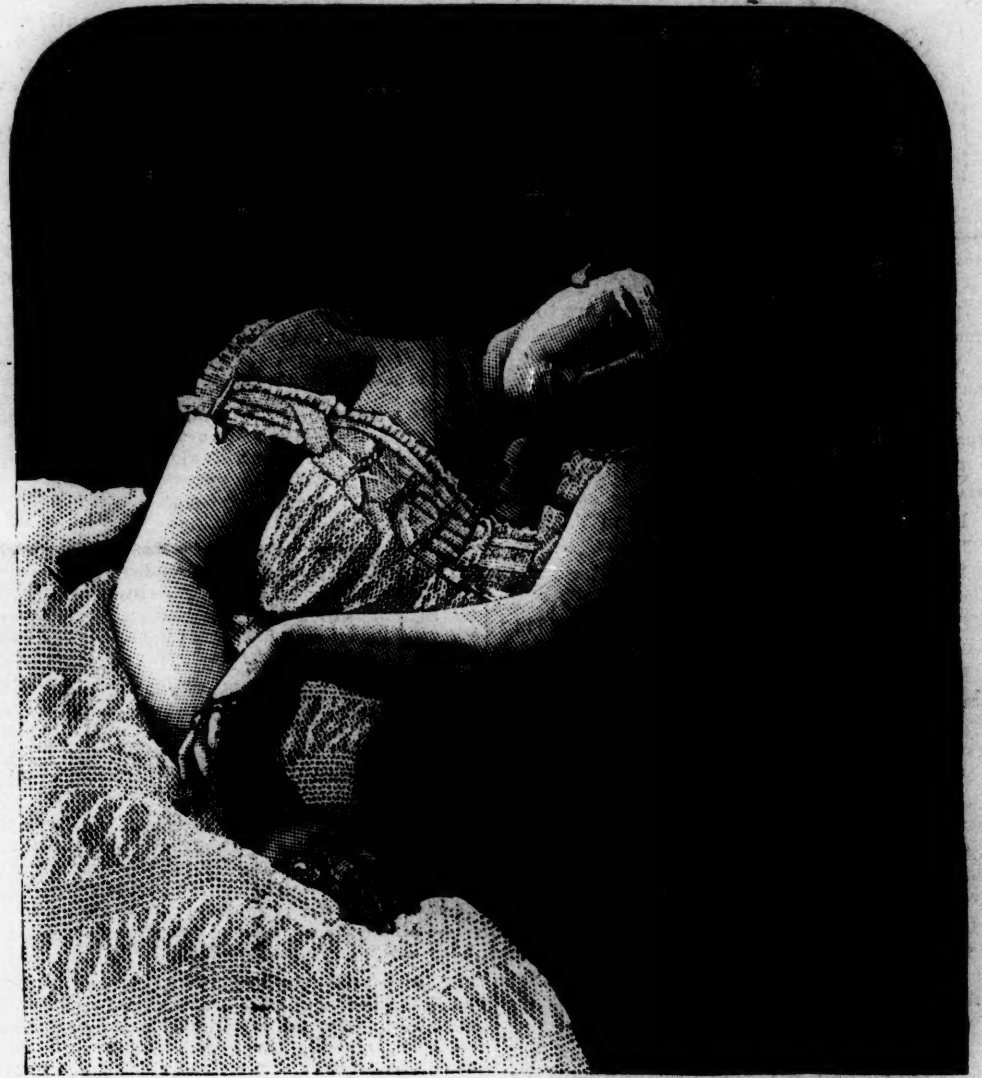
Molly is truly a national character. His rather handsome features decorate every Police "Rogue's Gallery" in the country, and many a prominent man has been relieved of his purse or watch by the nimble fingers of this quick-witted thief. Mollie works only at great gatherings, and is almost as faithful an attendant at sporting events, big or little, especially prize-fights, as Barney Aaron or Johnny Roach. His age is known to nobody, and every year he gets younger. Mollie has wonderful abilities in the disguising line, and one year appears with a full beard; then he sports a clean face; again he sports a mustache and a goatee, etc. His nose is about the only thing that marks him for the detective, and Molly would undoubtedly give many a dollar to be possessor of a remedy that would enable him to frequently change that member. He is of medium height, with black hair, well-built body and rather prepossessing countenance.

Stephen Effler.

On the night of the 6th of last January, Stephen Effler, who lived with his wife in a cabin near Marion, N. C., brutally murdered her with an axe. When the body was found an eight-months-old babe was found lying asleep on the breast of the corpse. Effler was arrested and charged with the murder. His trial took place last week and he has been sentenced to be hanged on Friday, Nov. 11th next.

R. P. Lennix.

R. P. Lennix is now in jail at Winfield, Kan., on a charge of forgery. In company with a pal, named George Haley, he has been operating in Missouri and Kansas for the last two



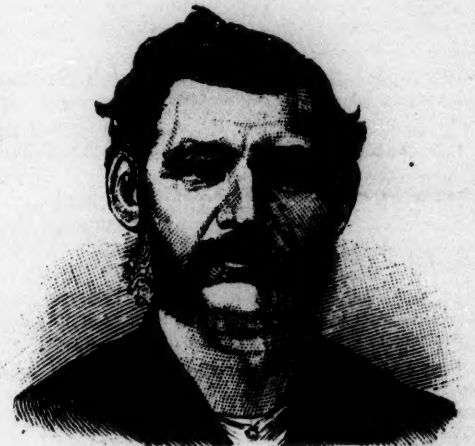
JOSIE MANSFIELD.

From "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," Published by Richard K. Fox, 189 William Street, N. Y.

years, shoving forged drafts on various bankers. Lennix was convicted of forgery in Hancock county, Ill., twenty years ago, and sentenced to the Penitentiary, but managed to escape from the sheriff. Lennix is wanted in York, Pa., Illinois, Kansas and Canada. He is 49 years old and was formerly a resident of Philadelphia, Pa. He is regarded as a dangerous criminal.

John P. Haubris

John P. Haubris is wanted at Granite Falls, Minn. He broke jail at that place on the 13th ult., while serving a term for horse-stealing. He is described as a man about five feet seven inches high, rather thick set, and has a remarkably red face and neck. Information concerning him should be sent to the sheriff of Yellow Medicine county, at Granite Falls.



R. P. LENNIX,

NOW IN JAIL AT WINFIELD, KAN., ON A CHARGE
OF FORGERY.

Stampeded by a Steer.

A commotion was created on a Market street car, Philadelphia, last Saturday evening by the assault of a long-horned Texan steer, belonging to a drove of cattle which were traveling eastward at a rapid trot, accelerated by half a dozen cow-boys, who thumped the backs of the animals bringing up the rear. Below Twenty-third street the highway was closed by huge piles of Belgian blocks, where the workmen are employed paving the street. The only outlets, the street-car tracks, were cut off by a Market street car, open, and comfortably full of passengers. The cattle gathered all in a bunch, wedged between the car and two piles of paving stones. The foremost steer seemed to take in the situation at a glance. He saw an outlet between the seats of the open car and his eyes gleamed as he made for it. General confusion ensued among the passengers, several of whom showed a disposition to climb on the roof. The steer succeeded in wedging himself head and shoulders between the posts of the car. Several women screamed, the men clambered out on the paving stones, and the steer squatted down contentedly on his haunches where he was. He did not fare so well under the thumps of the drovers' cowhides, and one of them, Richard Connelly, living on Taylor street, above Ninth, was wounded by the steer as soon as the animal freed himself.

Betrayed by His Love.

Louis A. Stiles, late station cashier at Eau Claire, Wis., for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Road, arrived at that place in company with one of Pinkerton's detectives, all the way from Texas via Chicago. He is accused of having absconded with \$2,000 of the company's funds, a few weeks ago. As soon as he ran away the matter was put in charge of the Pinkerton agency, with orders from the railroad company to catch the fugitive, expense being no consideration.

Stiles was to have been married about a week after the time he absconded to an estimable young lady in Eau Claire. One day a

letter, postmarked Houston, Texas, was received in the Eau Claire postoffice, the superscription of which was recognized by its peculiarity as having been made by the hand of Stiles. A few days afterward a letter was mailed at Eau Claire, directed to S. A. Louis, Houston, Texas. On this clew the fugitive was finally arrested in Texas. When found he had a solitary gold dollar in his pocket. Where the remaining \$1,999 went to no one knows, or why it was appropriated.



JOHN LARNEY,

ALIAS "MOLLY MATCHES," A NOTORIOUS PICK-
POCKET ARRESTED IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.



POLLY'S QUEENS—NO. SEVEN.

POLLY WALTON.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE GARFIELD TRAGEDY.

Nos. 310 and 311,

of the

POLICE GAZETTE,

Containing full illustrations of scenes and incidents of the President's funeral, etc., and Gulliver's Confession, mailed on receipt of 15c.

HOEY, of Boston, and Gus Hill, are to arrange a club swinging match.

JAMES O'BRIEN challenges anybody to kill and dress sheep for \$100 to \$300.

At Cranston, L. I., McDuff defeated Thurber running 440 yards. Time, 1m. 10s.

Boston will have a new base ball nine next season, with Harry Wright manager.

FRED. ROGERS has challenged John T. Crossley to run 100 yards for \$500 or \$1,000.

DAN MURRAY, of Marylebone, England, has challenged Bill Thorne to fight for £50 a side.

CHARLES ROWELL has been offered \$10,000 to compete in a six-day race in New York, but refused.

RUSSELLA, the full sister to Maud S., owned by Mr. Steel of Philadelphia, has been broken to harness.

THE 1,000-yard swimming race for the championship of Scotland was won by R. Bertram in 17m. 6s.

THE jockey who rode Foxhall in the Cesarewitch (W. Macdonald) is said to have received \$10,000 for his services.

At London, England, Oct. 24, James Baby and Arthur Hancock are matched to walk eight miles, level, for \$500.

CHICAGO offers Pierre Lorillard and J. R. Keene a \$20,000 purse for Iroquois and Foxhall to run for at Chicago.

At Middlesburgh, England, the six-day bicycle race, eight hours per day, was won by Lamb, who covered 694 miles.

ST. JULIEN and Trinket will be brought together at Point Breeze Park, on Saturday, Oct. 22, for a special purse of \$5,000.

JAMES KEENAN's, of Boston, famous trotter Emma B. won the \$500 purse for the 2:21 class at Hartford, Conn., fastest heat 2:23.

THE entries, so far, for John Ennis' six-day race are Frank Hart, John Dobler, Harry Howard, Geo. D. Noremac and Peter Edwards.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN desires us to state that he never proposed to put an unknown against John L. Sullivan at the latter's exhibition.

JAMES R. KEENE offers to match Foxhall against Iroquois for \$1,000 a side. If Pierre Lorillard makes the match Iroquois will win.

ED. DORNEY of Chicago challenges Frank White to fight at 121 pounds, Queensbury rules, half way between Chicago and New York, for \$500.

ASHBURY, the English yachtsman, who brought the yacht Levonia to this country, but did not win the America's Cup, is stopping in New York.

AT Detroit, Mich., recently, Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist, was tendered a benefit. A tremendous crowd was present and Ryan met with a grand reception.

THE trotting race between St. Julien and Trinket at Fleetwood Park, New York, for an alleged purse of \$5,000, was won by St. Julien in 2:14½, 2:17 and 2:16.

It now appears that L. E. Meyers ran 1,006 yards instead of 1,000 when he beat the record on the 8th inst. English critics cannot now claim the track was short.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD has declined the challenge of Mr. Belden to match his steam yacht Yosemite against the Radha to race 1,000 miles at sea for \$5,000 a side.

In a few weeks football will be all the rage and the members of Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Harvard will be exhibiting blackened eyes, broken arms, and bruised limbs.

THE Detroit Base Ball Club manager, Bancroft, was presented recently with a handsome solid gold watch chain by the players of that organization, as a slight token of their esteem.

In England, H. Carless, the English pedestrian, is to attempt to walk a mile and a quarter every half hour for one thousand consecutive hours. Gale failed to complete this feat in England.

J. L. MYERS, the phenomenon runner, desires to run 500 yards against a professional for a diamond medal on the English system. We know a Boston sport who will match a runner against him.

JERRY DONOVAN, who fought Jim Burns, Johnny McGlade, Johnny Gallagher, and Steve O'Donnell in the ring is now residing at Cohoes, N. Y. In his day Jerry Donovan was a hard nut to crack.

ALL parties sending challenges to be published in the sporting department of the POLICE GAZETTE must send on a deposit with the challenge to prove they are in earnest, otherwise they will not be published.

JOHN DOBLER of Chicago, Ill., who has made the best 6-day (12 hours a day) record in the world—414 miles at Buffalo, N. Y., April, 1880, has arrived in this city. Dobler came on to win John Ennis, 6-day race.

THE coming prize fight between George Holden, the English pugilist, and Frank White for \$5,000 and the feather weight championship, will be decided the second week in November. Both pugilists are training.

IKE SMITH and Joe Acton, the noted English wrestlers, have been matched to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire style, at 147 pounds, for \$1,000, the contest to take place November 19, at Manchester, Eng.

AT the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 11 the second deposit of \$250 a side in the approaching prize fight between Frank White and George Holden for \$2,500 a side was posted. The pugilists will go into training next week.

WE understand that a match has been arranged between Prof. Wm. C. McClellan and George

Rooke to fight according to Marquis of Queensbury rules in November for \$1,000. In next week's issue we will publish a picture of McClellan.

In the 75-hour walking match recently at the Aquarium between Dan O'Leary and Frank A. Edwards, O'Leary covered 267 1-10 miles in 74 hrs. 47 min. Edwards covered 258 miles in 74 hrs. 42 min. The race was walked on a track 20 laps to the mile.

AMY HOWARD, the champion female pedestrian, says she will not pay any attention to challenges unaccompanied by a deposit, and all females must understand she holds the long-distance championship of America, and is ready to defend the title against all comers.

THE victory of the Shadow over the hitherto invincible Scotch cutter yacht is nothing to be jubilant over because the Madge met with an accident. If the yachts meet again and neither meet with a mishap, which may always occur and the Shadow wins, then we will fling the banners to the breeze.

THE great 6-day race under the management of John Ennis, has been postponed until the last week in November. It was postponed owing to the great fire at the Fourth Ave. Railroad depot, which made it necessary for Vanderbilt to use Madison Square Garden as a place of shelter for his cars and horses.

THE recent female race in New York proved that Carrie Anderson could not beat Amy Howard any distance. The Bowery and Chatham street sporting men and gamblers should now stop boasting. Amy Howard can outrun any female in America from 5 to 500 miles, and there is \$500 to \$1,000 behind her.

CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot of the world, is in South Carolina. Bogardus writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Raleigh, S. C., and states that he is ready to meet any man in America in front of the traps and shoot at 100 pigeons 30 yds rise from fire traps for any amount from \$1,000 upwards.

THE London Sporting Life says: We have received articles, and hold £10 a side, for a match between Arthur Hancock, of Hackney, and James Baby, of Yorkshire, to walk 8 miles level, at Little Bridge Grounds, for £50 a side, on Monday, October 24. No caution to be given, and attendants not to go more than twenty yards at any time.

If the pugilists who give boxing exhibitions and those who spar at these affairs would try to prove who is the best man the public would attend such shows and turn out en masse. Every pugilist or boxer who dons the mittens at an exhibition should either conquer or be conquered. The public don't like to pay to witness a boxing show and see child's play.

G. P. BECKLEY won the 3 mile walking championship challenge cup of the London Athletic Club, beating J. A. Squires Beckley. One mile, 7 min. 30 sec.; two, 15 min. 30 sec.; full distance, 23 min. 41 3-5 sec. Beckley's previous best record for this distance is 23 min. 4 sec., which he accomplished in his contest with Merrill, of Boston, at the L. A. C. Grounds, England, on June 30, 1881.

In the Grand Central Trotting Circuit 54 horses and mares reduced their records; that is from the time they entered the circuit until the close of the circuit. This does not include the number of times each horse lowered the record at the several meetings. There were 11 records lowered at Pittsburgh, 12 at Cleveland, 9 at Buffalo, 8 at Rochester, 4 at Utica, and 8 at Hartford, making 52 changes in all.

The following challenge explains itself:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I, Patrick McGovern, better known as 'The Diamond,' declare myself ready to fight any man in America at one (104) hundred and four pounds, for from \$500 to \$1,000. Man and money ready at James Patterson's saloon, 209 Seventh avenue. PATRICK MCGOVERN."

THE following challenge explains itself:

"FORT DODGE, IOWA, Oct. 18, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—In reply to Dane's, of Alpena, Mich., challenge to jump against me for \$500, allow me to state through the sporting columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, that I will make a match with Dane for \$500 a side, jump one single broad jump without weights, if he will allow me six inches. "J. B. W. ELLIS."

AT Lincoln, Nebraska, Andre Christol, Wm. Muldoon and Clarence Whistler are displaying their skill and strength in feats of wrestling. In one of their shows they opened with feats of strength, the athletes using a round iron bar weighing 143 pounds. This they handled as an ordinary man would a forty pound weight Muldoon raising the bar at arms length four times with his right arm. Christol's forte was in lifting it with his teeth. Whistler sat in a chair and Christol carried the chair and its occupant by catching the chair round in his teeth.

AT Babylon, L. I., recently, the great team pigeon-shooting match for the champion cup and a team championship of the Westminster Kennel Club was a grand affair. The following clubs competed: Narragansett, New York, Riverton, Stat n Island, Orange and Westminster gun clubs. It was won by the Riverton club. Teams of four each shot at twenty birds, thirty yards rise. Score, Riverton killed 66, missed 14, Westminster Kennel Club killed 64, missed 16, Narragansett: killed 63, missed 17, New York killed 63, missed 17, Staten Island killed 56, missed 24, Orange, N. J., killed 53, missed 27.

AT Ottawa, Canada, recently, the following teams competed in the great Horse-Carriage race for the championship: Maple City, of Ogdensburg; Excelsior, Prescott; Racquette, Potsdam, N. Y.; Smith Hose, Chateaugay; 5th Baker Horse, Keeseville, N. Y.; Chaudiere, Ottawa; Hero, Morrisburg; DeLancey, Norwood, N. Y. The Chaudiere team captained by James Shea, of Burlington, Vt., won. The team ran in a truly magnificent manner, to the great admiration of every one. The coupling was caught by Shea as it came off the drum and was broken immediately and the pipe attached. The time was 61 1-4 seconds, which, although the fastest accomplished, could have been vastly improved if it had been desired.

AMY HOWARD, the champion lady pedestrian of the world, entered by the POLICE GAZETTE was the winner of the fifty-hour go-as-you-please race at the Aquarium which ended Oct. 13. Madame Tobias came in second. Neither Carrie Anderson or Miss Douglas finished. Many supposed that Carrie Anderson would beat Amy Howard but the race proved that the former is no match for the champion. Miss Amy Howard is without doubt one of the greatest female pedestriennes in the world, and her line of unbroken victories prove that fact. Madame Tobias ranks next to the champion. The race was run on a twenty lap track, and there was no music, which made the affair monotonous. The winner did not

cover 150 miles because there was no necessity for her to do so.

At the New York Aquarium, recently, John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, had a benefit. The Boston champion offered \$50 to any pugilist who would spar him four rounds, Queensbury rules. It was announced that O'wey Geoghegan had an unknown who was to meet Sullivan, consequently over two thousands persons paid one dollar to witness the contest. No pugilist came forward to accept Sullivan's offer, however, and Steve Taylor volunteered to box with Sullivan. The crowd were disappointed and yelled and hooted for O'wey Geoghegan's unknown, but he was not sent. Taylor and Sullivan made a tame set-to, and at the conclusion three cheers were given for the POLICE GAZETTE's champion, Paddy Ryan. The call was responded to with tremendous cheering. Sullivan then offered to box any man in the house for \$250, but no one appeared ready to meet Sullivan. The crowd retired grumbling because no pugilist loomed up eager to face Sullivan's battering rams. Sullivan's next exhibition will be at Philadelphia.

RECENTLY, at Coventry, England, Thomas Arnold and Jack Plant fought according to the rules of the London prize ring for a purse. The battle was a desperate one and round after round was fought, Arnold punishing Plant terribly. The latter was out fought and beaten over and over again, but he refused to give up. Finally Arnold tried to end the battle and he landed a terrific, sledge-hammer blow on Plant's breast and the pugilist fell all of a heap, senseless and battered out of all semblance of humanity. Plant's seconds carried him to his corner when his head fell forward and he fainted. Arnold was declared the winner and Plant carried to his residence. The Sporting Life says that Plant was in such a critical condition, and the punishment he had received so severe, that Dr. Wimberley was sent for. The physician found blood oozing from Plant's mouth, ears and nose, and three of his ribs broken. He announced that he had been injured internally and could not recover. Plant died shortly afterwards and the fatal ending of the battle created great excitement. Efforts were at once made for Arnold's arrest.

MIKE DONOVAN, the pugilist, has offered John L. Sullivan \$50 to box him four rounds, Queensbury rules, at his (Donovan's) benefit at Madison Square Garden, on the 24th inst. Sullivan sends the following reply to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1881,

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I wish to inform the public that I have an exhibition on the 24th—the same day that Donovan offers me \$50 to spar him four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. I will spar Mr. Donovan for his \$50 any time it does not interfere with any of my shows, and let the proceeds of the house go to the Michigan sufferers; and furthermore, I will give him \$500 to spar me four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, at any of my exhibitions, providing he stays and does not run away and lie down like he did on the two former occasions he sparred with me. I will also match a man I picked out against him for \$500 or \$1,000 in the same ring that I fight in. (Signed) "JOHN L. SULLIVAN."

THE following explains itself:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"In the New York Star of Oct. 17, John L. Sullivan published a scurrilous card in answer to my challenge to spar him at my benefit in this city on the 24th inst. Among other things he asserts that on two occasions I laid down when sparring with him, in doing which Sullivan utters a deliberate falsehood, as can be proved by all who were present at Music Hall, Boston, March 21. Sullivan excuses himself from meeting me on the ground that he is engaged to spar in Philadelphia on the 24th. Therefore, that he may be without excuse, I will postpone my benefit until the night of the 25th. Sullivan takes occasion to insinuate that I am lacking in pluck. For answer I refer him to my nine engagements in the ring, in all of which I have never been defeated. So far as his own reputation is concerned he has not got much to boast of, having never met any one of any recognized skill or courage except on two occasions, when his opponents were not in condition to cope with him. Sullivan challenges me to meet him on Oct. 26, the proceeds to be given to the Michigan sufferers. I accept the offer, and will prove to him that his boasts that I am afraid to face him are of about as much account as the rest of his pretensions. MIKE DONOVAN."

THOMAS J. SWEENEY, who styles himself the champion pugilist of New Haven, Conn., has forwarded a deposit of twenty (\$20) dollars to the POLICE GAZETTE office with the following challenge:

"NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 12, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—Having read Thomas Donahue's, of this city, challenge to fight Ed. McGlinchey, of Bridgeport, Conn., for \$500, I have decided to meet the former in the arena. I forward you twenty (\$20) dollars forfeit for a match for \$100 or \$200, and challenge Thomas Donahue to fight with gloves, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for either of the above sums. The fight to be decided four weeks from signing articles. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder. I will meet Donahue or his representative at any time and place he may select to post an additional sum and sign articles of agreement. Hoping that Donahue will prove that he is not boasting. I remain yours, etc. THOMAS J. SWEENEY."

THE POLICE GAZETTE has received \$20 from Sweeney, which proves he means business, and it will now be in order for Donahue to cover Sweeney's money and arrange a match.

AT Turn Hall, N. Y., recently, there was an interesting club swinging tournament for prizes and a champion gold medal presented by James D. Shields and A. Morris. The Judges were Stewart M. Freeman, Wm. Hoefler, and A. Morris. Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE was the referee. All the contestants were experts but the contest could not be considered a fair trial as many of the clubs used weighed six pounds, while others weighed three and a half pounds. At the conclusion of the contest intense excitement prevailed amongst the crowd. Meyers offered to swing DeLahanty, when a sport jumped on the stage to make the match, and all was confusion. The judges could not agree, and the matter was left to the referee. The judges appealed to him to reserve his decision and he decided to do so the next day at the POLICE GAZETTE office. At the time appointed a large crowd invaded the sporting room of the POLICE GAZETTE and the referee decided that Gus Grabb won a champion medal, Ike Meyers second prize, Chas. Eggert third prize, and T. P. DeLahanty fourth prize. J. D. Shields awarded the prizes.

OWING to the great interest manifested in club swinging matches, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to offer for competition a valuable gold medal to decide who is the amateur club swinging champion. The trophy will be known as the "POLICE GAZETTE Gold Medal, Typical of the Amateur

Club-Swinging Championship of the United States and Canada." All bona fide amateurs will be allowed to compete for the trophy under the following rules:

Rule 1. All competitors must swing clubs 36 inches in length, and the clubs shall not exceed four pounds in weight.

Rule 2. The contest to be open to all amateurs in the United States and Canada.

Rule 3. The contestant displaying the best style, time, evolutions and execution to be declared the winner.

Rule 4. The trophy to become the property of any club-swinger winning it three times.

Rule 5. The winner of the trophy to post a deposit of \$25 with the POLICE GAZETTE for the safe return of the trophy when called for by any challenger.

Rule 6. The holder of the trophy must accept all challenges or forfeit the POLICE GAZETTE Medal.

Rule 7. Every contest for the trophy must take place within four weeks from the time the winner is challenged.

Rule 8. All contests for the trophy to be arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be referee in all matches.

The date of the first contest will be announced in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

ANOTHER wrestling match has been arranged which promises to be an interesting contest. Wm. Heygster, the "Oak of the Rhine," the champion wrestler of Germany, recently issued a challenge to wrestle any man in the American Græco-Roman style. The burly mountain of humanity did not bar anybody, and of course there was every indication that some one would take up the gauntlet.

Edwin Bibby, the champion English wrestler, who now resides at Central Falls, Rhode Island, accepted the challenge, and the wrestlers and their backers met at the POLICE GAZETTE Office, and posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and signed the following articles of agreement:

"NEW YORK, October 12, 1881.

"Articles of agreement entered into this twelfth day of October, 1881, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, between Edwin Bibby of England, and Wilhelm Heygster of Germany. The said Edwin Bibby and the said Wilhelm Heygster do hereby agree to wrestle Græco-Roman best two in three back falls for \$250 a side. The said match to be decided at Clarendon Hall on November 2, 1881. The gate money to be divided as follows: two-thirds to the winner and one-third to the loser. The POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder, and Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be referee. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars is now posted with Richard K. Fox, and it is agreed that the final deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars a side shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Wednesday, the 26th day of October, 1881.

"Either party failing to post the final deposit upon the time agreed upon, do agree to forfeit the amount deposited with the stakeholder. "WILHELM HEYGSTER."

"Witnesses: JAMES MCDONALD. "EDWIN BIBBY."

W. E. HARDING.

THE POLICE GAZETTE holds \$100 a side on account of the above match, and the contest will take place Wednesday, November 2, at Clarendon Hall, 13th st., this city. Heygster weighs 230 pounds, and is a strong, powerful wrestler. He has met Bauer, Miller, Muldoon in Græco-Roman contests, and he is a powerful scientific wrestler.

A PRIZE fight for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America will be arranged through the POLICE GAZETTE between Charley Norton, of New York, formerly of Birmingham, England, and Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, formerly of Brooklyn, providing Norton will agree to mill according to the regulations governing the title. It must be understood that there is no pugilist in America who holds that title. John H. Clark and Arthur Chambers, both now residing in Philadelphia, were the last pugilists who fought for the light-weight championship. Chambers won and publicly announced that he would retire from the ring. John H. Clark also retired leaving the light-weight championship open to be fought for. Charley Norton some time since posted \$50 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and issued a challenge to fight any man living for \$1,000 and the championship of light-weights of America. No pugilist accepted the challenge, therefore Norton, if anybody, must be considered to be the light-weight champion. A champion to hold that title must meet all challengers who post a deposit with their debt and must accept all challenges to fight at the scale of weights governing championship contests or else give up all claim to the title. Bryan Campbell of Leadville claims that he is the light-weight champion pugilist of America; he has posted \$100 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued the following challenge which will be read with interest by the sporting element and those who witnessed Campbell fight Dave Lewis and Harry Hicken. The following is the challenge which was accompanied by a certified check for one hundred dollars:

"LEADVILLE, COL., Oct. 9, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—I hereby challenge Charley Norton, of New York, now in this city, Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, or John Murphy, of Virginia City, or any other man in America, at 126 or 128 pounds, for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side and the light-weight championship of America. The fight to be decided within one hundred miles of this city in six weeks from the date of signing articles. The POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder. To prove to the sporting public and my friends in Pennsylvania and New York that I mean business as usual, I enclose you a certified check of one hundred dollars (\$100). Hoping that one of the pugilists will cover my money and forward articles of agreement to the POLICE GAZETTE. I remain yours, BRYAN CAMPBELL."

We may here state that Arthur Chambers will not respond to the challenge because he has retired from the ring and is doing a thriving business in Philadelphia. Murphy may reply and arrange a match with Campbell, but it is doubtful, for the last time they were matched Murphy sued for the battle money which Campbell gave up. Norton's fighting weight is 130 pounds, but after his claim to the title he should not stand over two pounds but agree to meet Campbell and battle for the title and \$2,000. A battle between Campbell and Norton for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship will create a furor in the sporting world.

THE "American Athlete," published by Richard K. Fox, at 189 William street, is the work of Wm. E. Harding, whose long experience in athletic and other sporting matters enables him to write interestingly on the subjects he treats. The book contains, in addition to short sketches of famous athletes, a treatise on the rules and principles of training which should be read by all amateurs. The same publisher has issued No. 1 of "Fistiana's Heroes," being a carefully written biography of the celebrated pugilist, James Mace. A life of John Hughes, "the Lepper," is from the same house, whose publications have a large sale, because of their reliability and cheapness.—From the Turf, Field and Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GARFIELD TRAGEDY.

Nos. 210 and 211,
of the

POLICE GAZETTE,

Containing full illustrations of Scenes and Incidents of the
President's Funeral, etc., and Guiteau's Confession, mailed on
receipt of 15c.

SPORTING.

AQUATIC, Detroit, Mich.—The fastest five mile time made
by Joshua Ward is 35m. 10s., at Staten Island, N. Y., Oct.
11, 1880.H. S. Lancaster, Pa.—1. No. 2 John Morrissey. 3.
Dutchman trotted 3 miles in 7:32 1-2, at the Beacon track,
New York, on Aug. 1, 1880.FIDO, Elkhart, Ill.—1. Mitchell failed to back up his
challenge. 2. A. H. Bogarius killed 100 single birds in
succession in 2 hours at Chicago, Ill., July 2, 1880.H. W. P., Portland, Me.—1. If you send for the "Life of
Hanlan" it will give you all the information. 2. Walter
Brown, the oarsman, is buried at Newburgh, N. Y.W. B. Newark, N. J.—Jem Coyne, of your city, and
George Rooke were matched to fight for \$1,000 and the
middle-weight championship, but the battle ended in a
fizzle.HENRY K., Washington, D. C.—Your terrier is a wonder
if he can kill rats as fast as you claim. 2. Shaw's English
dog Jocko killed 1,000 rats in less than 100 minutes at
London, Eng., May 1, 1882.W. S., Fort Huron.—1. On April 12, 1887, at New Or-
leans, La., Barney Aaron defeated Bill Evans for \$500 in
11 rounds and 15 minutes. 2. Aaron still resides in this
city and has retired from the ring.PUGILIST, Cincinnati.—Dick Hollywood's seconds, when
he fought Johnny Keating at Gravesend, L. I., Jan. 11,
1884, were Jimmy Elliott and Dooney Harris. Barney
Aaron neither seconded Keating or Hollywood.ATHLETE, Boston, Mass.—1. Myer is so considered. 2.
John P. Silk made 100 horse shoes in 2h. 33m. 30s. at Cin-
cinnati, O., on Dec. 5, 1877. 3. Hanlan was born at To-
ronto and brought up on the Bay fishing for a livelihood.S. H., Bordentown, N. J.—Jimmy Elliott, the pugilist,
was sentenced to 16 years and 10 months' imprisonment
and fined \$2,000 for assault and battery and highway robbery
on December 17, 1870. 2. He was pardoned, but has
since been sent to prison.PUGILIST, Augusta, Me.—1. Orem is following his trade
in Washington Territory. 2. He has retired from the
ring. 3. Orem and John McArdle fought at Helena, M. T.,
Sept. 5, 1888. Orem won in 43 rounds in 1h. 30m. 4.
McArdle fought at 140 pounds.S. W., Baltimore, Md.—On the night Felix Larkin (Ned
O'Baldwin's backer) was murdered, Tim Collins, Jack
O'Day and Billy McLean were with Larkin. 2. Yes, Mc-
Lean fought Jim Murray, of Philadelphia, Pa., at Elkton,
Md., Dec. 6, 1870, for \$1,000. 3. McLean won by a foul in
25 rounds.G. W., Leavenworth, Kansas.—1. Wm. Muldoon is the
champion Græco-Roman wrestler. 2. No. 3. On June
12, 1885, Jimmy Elliott challenged Jim Dunn to fight for
\$2,500 a side, or any man in America for \$10,000, and at
the same time he posted \$500 forfeit. 4. Ned O'Baldwin
never fought Joe Coburn or Jimmy Elliott.W. H., Lexington, Ky.—1. In the race for the Morrissey
stakes at Saratoga, Aug. 19, 1871, George B. Bryson's b.g.
Bushwhacker, aged, by Bonnie Scotland, with 60 pounds
up, beat Checkmate, who carried 129 pounds, and Boule-
vard, running the two miles in 3:30, the best time ever
made in a race at the distance. 2. The only previous
better time is 3:27 1-2, made by Ten Broeck in his race
against time at Louisville in 1877, the next best being
3:30 1-2, made by McWhirter, with 100 pounds up.S. G., San Jose, Cal.—1. Pete Dailey, the pugilist who
fought Johnny Lazarus, of New York, at Lake City, Cal.,
March 10, 1883, was born in Lancashire, Eng., in 1839.
2. Dailey fought Lazarus for \$2,000. 3. Lazarus was born
in 1840, and fought at 119 lbs. 4. Both were natives of
the "Land of the Rose." Lazarus was born at Sheffield. 5.
Thirty rounds were fought when Jim Hughes decided the
battle in favor of Dailey. Lazarus proved he was the
best man and the referee afterwards reversed his de-
cision and declared the battle a draw.OLD SUBSCRIBER, New York City.—Ex-Assemblyman
Tom Welsh, better known as "Fatty" Welsh, and ex-
Senator Michael Norton, better known as "Crow" Norton
and "The Thunderbolt," were matched to fight in Canada
for \$1,000 a side in 1880. Both men were arrested in New
York on Aug. 1, 1880, and brought before Mayor Tiemann,
who suggested that if the pugilists would draw the stakes
he would discharge them; if they refused he would put
them under \$1,000 bonds and send them before the grand
jury. The pugilists pulled down their golden shekels
and the match ended in a fiasco.E. H., Charleston, Mass.—On Dec. 24, 1883, Joe Coburn
issued a challenge to Tom King, whose victory over John
O'Heenan in England had just been announced, propos-
ing to fight on this side of the Atlantic for \$10,000. King
refused to meet Coburn and the latter challenged Jem
Mace, offering to pay \$1,000 for expenses if he would
fight in the British provinces on this continent. Mace
declined, but after considerable correspondence articles
were signed to fight in Ireland for \$1,000, Coburn to re-
ceive £100 for expenses. Coburn crossed the Atlantic to
meet the English champion on Irish soil, but Mace refused
to agree upon a referee, and left Ireland the night before
the day set for the fight, and the match ended in smoke.W. D., Cincinnati, O.—The great battle between Yankee
Sullivan's fighting dog Crib and "Pape" Carter's fighting
pig was decided in this city about thirty years ago. Car-
ter was a saloon-keeper, and purchased the frisky little
animal from the master of a schooner one day while per-
ambulating along the wharves, and afterward kept him
for a time in a room back of his saloon as a curiosity for
his customers to gaze at. The pig weighed 33 lbs. and
Crib 45 lbs. The fight was a desperate one. Crib en-
deavored to seize the pig (or peccary) by the throat, but
little impression could be made upon the thick, smooth
skin of the determined little animal, which dodged and
cut and slashed with wonderful activity. At times Crib
pinned his foe by the ear or the leg, and held on with true
bull dog tenacity; but these attacks availed not, and at
last he fell to "rise no more," after a desperate fight of
37 minutes.

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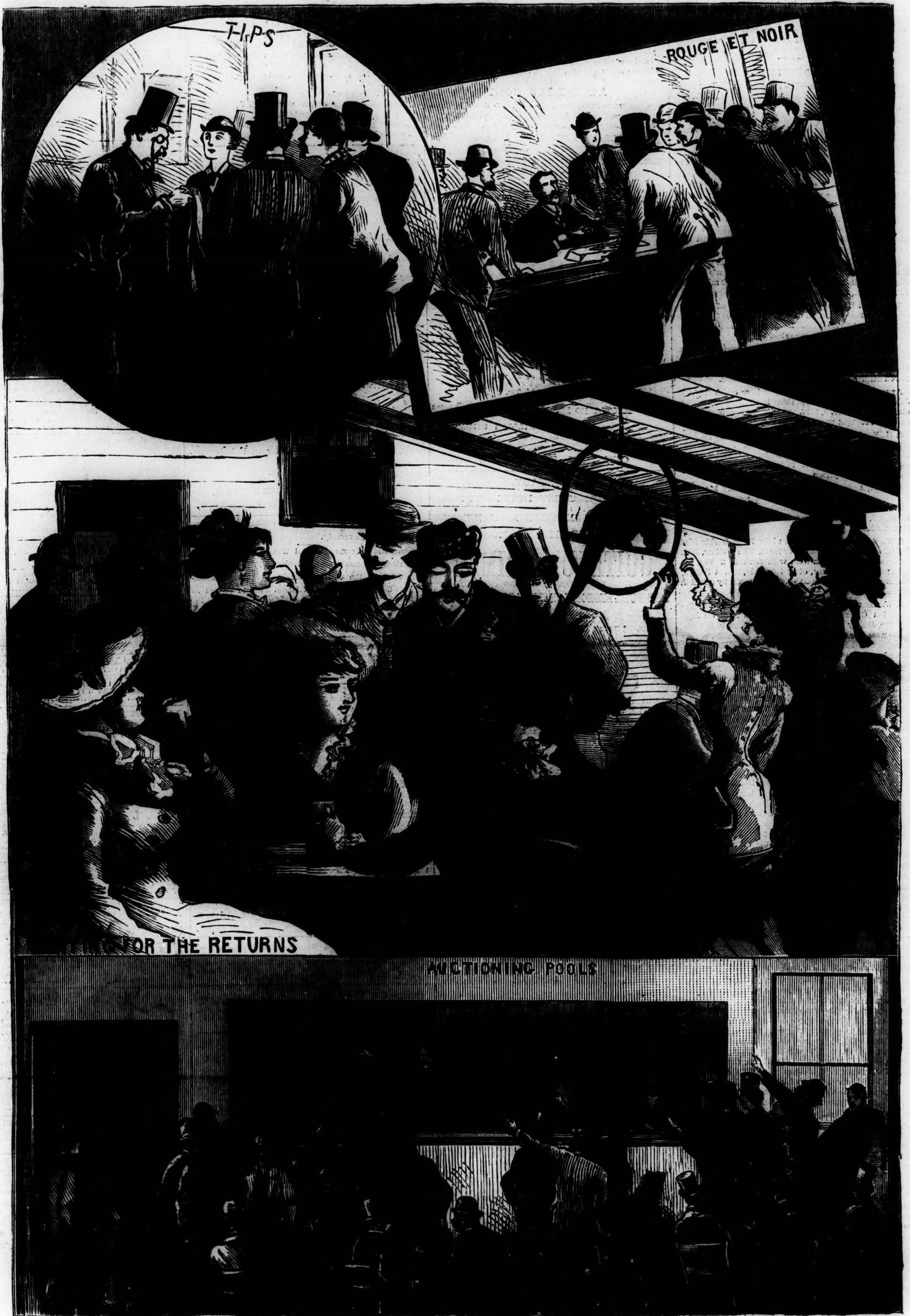
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